

The great Bradley Martin Ball will be fully illustrated in next week's Leslie's.  
Illustrated series on Siberia begun this week.

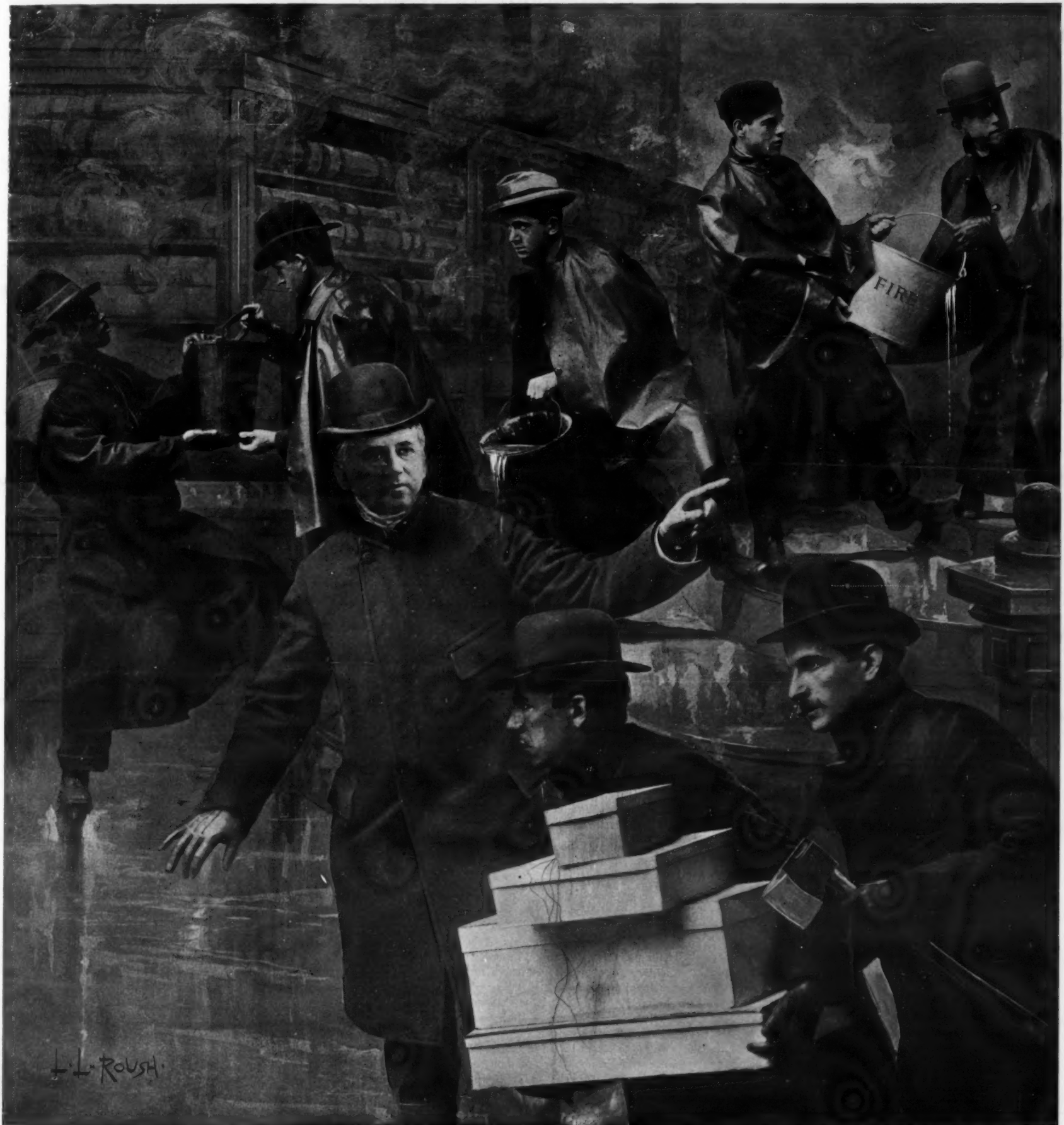
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE GREAT FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA—THE WANAMAKER BUCKET BRIGADE.

THE RECENT FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA WAS VERY DESTRUCTIVE, BUT WAS PREVENTED FROM SPREADING FURTHER BY THE WELL-DRILLED FIRE-FIGHTERS OF THE GREAT STORE OF JOHN WANAMAKER, EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL. THE PICTURE SHOWS MR. WANAMAKER IN COMMAND AND DIRECTING OPERATIONS.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## The Senate and the Treaty.

**T**HE Senate of the United States is much given of late to making a show of itself. Recently, in a kind of preliminary discussion of the general arbitration treaty between this country and England, all of the old tabby-cats in the upper house, from Hoar, of Massachusetts, to Morgan, of Alabama, set up a most pathetic mewling because newspapers, churches, colleges, and other lovers of peace urged the ratification of the treaty. Senator Hoar in his indignation said that it was indecorous for "mere outsiders" to attempt to influence Senators in the performance of their public duties. The chronic Senator, in the contemplation of himself and his sacred dignity, seems to part with all sense of humor. What could be more absurd than this position of Senator Hoar—a position, however, in which he was supported by the large majority of his colleagues?

Since when did it become wrong for the people to tell their Senators what the people thought and what the people wished? Senator Hoar's attitude in this matter is perilously near being ridiculous.

But we are told that the Senate will not be hurried in this matter. Those who contend for a slow and a careful deliberation of this treaty are the very men who fourteen months ago rushed headlong in support of a message that was absolutely belligerent in its tone and threatening in its language. In regard to the ratification of provisions for a permanent peace, these grave gentlemen say that they must not be hurried. As a matter of fact, this plea for deliberation of action is a mere excuse. It is thoroughly well known in Washington that the Senate does not mean to ratify this treaty during this administration. All this talk about the Nicaragua Canal being placed in jeopardy by the treaty, and the other suggestion that the Monroe doctrine will become a matter of arbitration, are mere subterfuges to conceal the partisanship and the hatred of the President which are the influencing causes preventing the Senate from taking action.

That this treaty, or one quite similar to it, will be ratified ultimately there can be no doubt. The Senate of the United States is a wonderful body, and not representative in the best sense, but even the Senate must sooner or later take into account and record the wishes of the people. And the people are earnestly in favor of this treaty, which makes more for civilization and enlightenment than any convention ever before negotiated by two nations.

## Concert-hall Indecency.

**T**HE music-halls or vaudeville entertainments of the metropolis bear about the same relation to its theatres that the saloons do to the hotels and cafés. It is a waste of time and words to discuss the prohibition of one or the other; they exist, they flourish on the public patronage, and they must be recognized as occupying a legitimate, if somewhat equivocal, place among the institutions of our modern society.

Like all other public institutions, the vaudeville stage requires careful supervision, regulation, and restriction. With too much license, its natural tendency is toward demoralization, and a condition of things ensues liable to culminate in one of those violent spasms of "reform" which in themselves constitute a kind of calamity.

This republic cannot consistently authorize an official censorship. In the United States the public morality is a public trust. The vaudeville and all other entertainments are what the people make them. Their condemnation, to be effective, must come from the same tribunal which arbitrates the substantial reward of merit—namely, the bar of public opinion.

The vaudeville managers, it may be charged, are simply business speculators, mercenary in their aims, none too scrupulous in their methods, and quite unconcerned about morality, to say nothing of art. So are the directors of the theatres, "legitimate" and otherwise, without exception. They have to be. There is no subsidy here for the maintenance of a classic repertory and a national stock company of players to interpret it. Can any one recall a single notable instance in this community where a theatrical candidate has won substantial support on a platform of "Art for Art's sake"?

The vaudeville or "variety" performer is, in his proper function, even more than the serious actor, the abstract and brief chronicle of our time. He is the light archer whose shafts of ridicule pierce folly as it flies. The songs of an Albert Chevalier, an Yvette Guilbert, are just as much a criticism of life as is the performance of an Irving, a Bernhardt, a Calvé.

A criticism of life—aye, there's the rub. Society is all right in its precepts, but its example, perchance, is bad. It sees the mirror indiscreetly held up to nature, and wants to smash the mirror.

Looking at our local vaudeville stage, without prejudice, from the journalistic point of view, through the twin lenses pictorial and reportorial, we must say there are doings of which we cannot in the least approve. There is far too much exploitation of mere notoriety without cleverness; too evident a disposition to import irrelevant material from abroad; a tendency to substitute vulgarity for fun, indecency for wit, and insolence for satire. But it is encouraging to observe that these very shortcomings have been specifically rebuked, and in no hesitating way, by the amusement-seekers *en masse*. Nor can an impartial observer fail to remark that the most brazen young person thrust into music-hall prominence this season got her lucrative notoriety solely through the free advertising heaped upon her by a kind board of police commissioners.

In short, the position of LESLIE'S WEEKLY upon this question, as upon others, is that of the scribe, not of the Pharisee. The music-hall is the lobby of the theatre, and that, as we all know, is the

"Epitome of both our best and worst,  
And shows the world what that world shows it first."

## The Bradley Martin Ball.

THERE are many clergymen in this country so enamored of sensationalism and so much in love with public



THE REV. W. S. RAINSFORD.  
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notice that they seem always intent on saying the wrong thing in the most incendiary terms that they can invent. Among these the rector of St. George's Church in New York, the Reverend W. S. Rainsford, has never been counted. On the contrary, we have always thought of him as one of the manliest men in the country, and one of the sanest teachers of religion and morality. Mr. Rainsford's chief characteristic has been the courage to say what he thought, without reference to the high or the low degree of the persons who happened to be concerned. And so Mr. Rainsford has been able to do a great deal of good and to render services which have made him a conspicuous figure in the higher life of the metropolis.

But every man is liable to error. Indeed, life is made up of successes and failures, and the man is fortunate, indeed, who scores more of the former than the latter. Such, however, has been the good fortune of the Rev. Mr. Rainsford—and he is to be congratulated upon it. Notwithstanding this record, he has just made a most conspicuous error, an error that is likely to do a great deal of harm, and, for a time, at least, decrease his capacity for usefulness. He has announced that the giving of fine balls and the holding of other splendid social functions when there is poverty to be relieved and distress to be alleviated is both unwise and wicked; that displays of fashion's fine plumage may provoke the poor and the unemployed to disorderly outbreaks and to violent attacks on the rich.

Upon superficial examination this sounds very well, and the moralists, who fill the pulpits of the town, in their own hysterical fashion at once rushed to Mr. Rainsford's support. Indeed, the preachers went so far that even the "new journalism" could not follow. But Mr. Rainsford in what he said was only superficially right. Examined closely, his statements and prognostications are wrong and also wicked—wrong because there is no surer way widely to disseminate a large income than through entertaining; wicked because the idea suggested by him of dangerous enmity between masses and classes was at the time by no means a moving force in the community. There are cranks a plenty who only need such a suggestion as this. If evil come in the way it has been hinted at, the blame must rest in great measure at Mr. Rainsford's door.

Plain people who think in plain ways are very much baffled by the contentions of these reverend moralists and professional philanthropists. We are told that we must not give directly to the poor, for that would tend to increase pauperism; again we are told that we must not spend, for spending provokes animosity. Who is right? The doctors ought to agree in these matters, but in the meantime plain people can use their common sense in their own way and not go far astray. Whatever expenditure gives honest employment to deserving people must be good in its tendency; whatever habit of life, not vicious in itself, results in the distribution of the wealth of the rich among the poor must be beneficial to society.

Does Mr. Rainsford believe that bluff old Moneybags with his ever-growing bank-account, and the lean and sordid Centpercent with his habits of usury, are setting better examples and doing more good than the Bradley Martins? If he does, then we venture the opinion that he is the leader of a very small minority in this town and country.

## Corporations and Farmers.

THERE is a great fallacy current in this country as to the ownership, by individuals, of great industries, such as railways, trusts, mills, and the like. People hear the name of Vanderbilt, and they say, "Oh, he owns the New York Central system"; or of Roberts, that means the Pennsylvania; or of Clark, that is the Consolidated. Now, in point of fact, it is only during the growing stage—the green-apple period, as it were—that properties of this sort are held in great blocks. So soon as the fruit ripens a system of dispersion sets in and the apples are divided. And so it is that of the stock of the New York Central there stands in the name of Vanderbilt an amount far away from a control; that the Pennsylvania has more stockholders of record than it has persons employed, although these latter are in numbers an army corps; while, though the Consolidated road is a very great affair and earns much money, Mr. Clark, who directs its course and safeguards its interests, is simply the trustee and agent for a great number of small holders, whose average holdings are said to be under two thousand dollars; and so on with all the other large and successful corporations in the saving and industrial parts of the country. It was people in this condition who got frightened last autumn and snowed Mr. Bryan under, and it is in the encouragement of the small investor that safety lies. Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, who presides over the destinies of the Illinois Central Railroad, understands this point, and on that road special facilities and credits are furnished to enable the thrifty men in its employ to become possessed of stock holdings in such amounts as they are able or willing to purchase.

It sometimes seems that too much statistics, like too much learning, tends to make men mad. Take, for example, the present status of Mr. Edward Atkinson. That gentleman has, for many a long day, grappled with serried masses of figures; he has arrayed them in lines and columns, and manoeuvred and drilled them in all sorts of ways, back and forth, to and from. In fact, to slightly change the remarks of the American Senator, in the play, about wealth, he can truly say: "Figures? I 'woller' in them." Except for a few slight departures into the realms of cookery, Mr. Atkinson has figured all his life, and now he is reported as saying that nothing will be right until the American farmer is paid back the two billions of dollars which he has lost since 1893. No explanation is given as to any offsets to this account which might be made to show, in the way of lower prices for non-farming produce, an amelioration; nor as to what has become of the two billions, or into what fortunate hands that great sum has gone. No; the farmer has lost it, and he must have it back. All of which is likely to make the farmer—that is, the unprosperous farmer, who is usually the wasteful or incompetent one—cast about to find his two billions, and, most likely, to come to the conclusion that the railways and the trusts have robbed him, and should be gone for accordingly. All of which is highly conducive to good order in the community. However, the prosperous and well-to-do farmer, who is in the majority, as a rule has a certain amount of railway securities or industrial shares, and can be relied on to defend such property. As to the two billions, we would refer Mr. Atkinson to one of Daniel Webster's speeches, in which, after speaking of the national debt and advocating its payment, the great orator put his hand in his pocket, demanded the amount of the debt, and stated his intention of paying it himself. If Mr. Atkinson would only follow Mr. Webster's lead and personally square up the two billion deficit, there can be no doubt that prosperity, like a golden October haze, would envelop the land.

It seems anomalous, and, in fact, as the New England farmer of the olden time said to the judge when the latter told him that his expenses were over fifteen hundred dollars a year, "positively wicked" that one insurance company should have an income of over forty-five millions of dollars a year, and that the control of this vast sum, equal to the revenues of a minor State, should be vested in one man. And yet such is true as to the Equitable Insurance Company and its president, Mr. Henry B. Hyde. And yet a vast number of people own interests in the capital and income of the Equitable, and if its president made any grievous errors of management he would be hauled over very hot coals. As it is, this army of people in interest see that it is for their good to pay Mr. Hyde a large salary as their agent, and, conversely, Mr. Hyde sees it for his interest to secure as many policy-holders, annuitants, and other beneficiaries for the company as possible. For verily there is no such thing as an employer or an employé; every member of any civilized community is, at one and the same time, both of these persons, and also is both debtor and creditor. The only difference is that some people get larger wages than "other some," and as a rule they deserve them, for the talent which can correlate and conserve human energy and skill and direct the same to an end is the rarest of all talents, and if a man possesses it he is sure to be a leader. He would be such, in fact, in a purely socialistic state, if such an organization could exist.



—THE approaching departure for Europe of Miss Lillian Bell is viewed with considerable concern in Chicago, as her absence will remove from the city for two years its most brilliant literary light, and socially there is no one left to fill exactly the place she occupies. Miss Bell's social vogue in the Lakeside literary centre has been somewhat remarkable, beginning as it did with Chap-Book teas modestly, and straightway bourgeoning out into the mansions of the Three Hundred. Miss Bell is a witty and clever converser, quick at repartee, and always well-poised. In her younger days she used to be considered a good amateur actress.

—The wife of the Portuguese minister to Washington is one of the most beautiful and charming women in the capital. She has only been a little while in this country, and it was quite recently that she paid her first visit to the White House. When



she was presented to Mrs. Cleveland she followed the European fashion and courtesied to the President's wife. Mrs. Cleveland did not respond as she might have done; probably she was taken by surprise. Certainly the Viscountess de Santo Thyrsos was surprised a moment later to see that other visitors merely shook hands. She was flustered for a moment, for a lady in the diplomatic circle hates above all things to do anything not strictly conventional. But she was not willing to confess that she realized that she had made a mistake, so as she departed she made the same low and graceful obeisance that she had used when she arrived. Washington talks of this tactful lady in increased admiration.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe had achieved a great distinction before this generation was out of swaddling-clothes. She is now



MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

seventy-eight years old, but she is yet young in her interest in what is going on in the world. There are many sides to her character—reformer, philanthropist, poet—and yet she is so symmetrically constructed as thoroughly to justify the description of well rounded. Her family is only less interesting than herself; her daughter has won recognition as a writer, and her nephew, Marion Crawford, has won fame. But, after all, her brother, the late Sam Ward—Uncle Sam to all the worthy people in the

world—was the most interesting of all of them. Uncle Sam was something of a poet himself. He made verses when he was a youth, but gave up his devotion to the muses when he became a man of affairs. In later life he took up verses again, and, in explanation and apology, said he was obliged to do it when his friend Longfellow and his sister Julia devoted all their talents to singing the glory of the negro slaves. This was, of course, only a joke of the genial old gentleman, who was devotedly fond of his sister, and proud of her also. Besides this, he had nothing in the world against slaves or any other created thing.

—Giuseppe Verdi, Italy's greatest composer during the last half-century, resides at Genoa, and continues to justify the meaning of his name by the verdure of his old age. He is now in his eighty-fourth year. Three years ago he electrified the world by the production of his delightful Shakespearean opera, "Falstaff"—a work of the highest charm and genius, independently of the wonder of its being created by an octogenarian. Latterly, according to the *Paris Figaro*, Verdi has taken to the bicycle, and become an ardent wheelman. While presumably not a scorcher nor a breaker of records, he holds a fair claim to the world's age championship.

—The appearance of Joaquin Miller on the lecture platform is of more than passing interest because it brings into direct contact with the people a curiously unique literary personality—almost the only one of the time in this country since Lafcadio Hearn became a Jap. Miller is accounted a genius abroad, especially in England, where it is the unconventional in American literature—the Walt Whitman, Poe, and Bret Harte kind—that pleases most. In his old age the poet of the Sierras is a striking figure. With his long gray hair and beard, broad expanse of brow and deep-set eyes, he looks at first sight like one of the half-hermit-like old men who abound in the Adirondacks. The resemblance is more than fanciful, and the poet's life of isolation in the Sierras is responsible for it. There ought not to be anything of stereotyped nature about his lecture, for no one better than Miller knows the Pacific coast and its kaleidoscopic life.

—Charles Ayer Whipple, whose portrait of Senator Sherman was reproduced on the front page of this paper last week, has been notably successful with his commissions from eminent public men. His recent works in this line include General Harrison, General Nelson A. Miles, General Benjamin F. Tracy, former Secretary of the Navy; and Mr. Hilary A. Herbert, of President Cleveland's Cabinet. Mr. Whipple has won his reputation earlier than some of the distinguished American painters with whom he now takes rank. He was born in Massachusetts in 1859,



CHARLES AYER WHIPPLE.

studied drawing in the State Normal Art School, and afterward at the Museum of Fine Arts, in Boston; then went to Paris and finished his student-training under Bouguereau, Fleury, and Ferrier. At present he occupies a studio in the Sherwood, which is one of the artistic show-places of New York. Most of his studies of American statesmen have been made "on the spot"—that is to say, at the government offices where his sitters were at work. He also painted, at the national capital, the portraits of General Harrison's daughter, Mrs. McKee, and of the boy who was then "Baby" McKee.

—The debut of Miss Elizabeth Bisland, as a playwright, with "Goblin Castle," which Miss Georgia Cayvan is to produce, is viewed with interest by her friends. Miss Bisland, who in private life is Mrs. Wetmore, is as strikingly beautiful a woman as is to be found in literature, and her success with the pen since she came to New York from New Orleans, twelve years ago, has been enviable. She is tall and straight, a brunette, and has a charming figure. When Nellie Bly dashed around the world

against time Miss Bisland went the other way around the globe to beat her, and that has been her only indiscretion in literature. She is the author of two novels, and well-known as an essayist and writer of magazine articles.

—Señor Rafael Navarro, who is prominently identified with the activities of the Cuban Delegation, or Junta, in New York,



SEÑOR RAFAEL NAVARRO.

is in his professional capacity occupied with pursuits far more harmonious. He is well known, for twenty-five years past, as a musical composer and conductor. A comic opera, in the Gilbertian social-satirical vein, entitled "Abelard, the Knight of Reason," is one of Señor Navarro's latest and most ambitious efforts in the line of original composition. His musical equipment is thoroughly modern, as a result of early studies in Paris and Milan. Born in Cuba, he was a participant in the revolution

of 1868, was in consequence exiled, and for a quarter of a century has lived in New York and Brooklyn. His son, Rafael Navarro, Jr., who inherits his father's patriotism and much of his talent, has written a Cuba Libre play, and had it produced by amateurs in Brooklyn, with good augury for a trial on the professional stage.

—General Wager Swayne made a humorous reference in court, recently, to his loss of a leg in the late war. After asking the court's permission to sit while cross-examining a witness, he turned to the jury and said, "You know I went on a little picnic with Sherman once, and haven't been able to stand since."

General Swayne, who is now some years past sixty, is an interesting figure in New York, both at the Bar and elsewhere. When he came to the metropolis fifteen years ago he was Jay Gould's attorney, and the little wizard never had a more upright adviser.

—George W. Cable, who has assumed the editorial direction of *Current Literature*, may be expected to infuse something of



GEORGE W. CABLE.

his unique and delicate literary individuality into that review of universal scope. Mr. Cable, although he looks like a Southerner, and has permanently identified his name with the "Old Creole Days" of Louisiana, was born in New England, in which section of the country he has of late years resided. He started there, last year, a periodical which was to have been called *The Symposium*, and showed himself possessed of rare editorial tact and business shrewdness by promptly discontinuing it as soon

as the experiment of the first number proved that it did not fill a long-felt want. Mr. Cable's experience with the Louisiana creoles was very much like that of Alphonse Daudet in writing about "Tartarin of Tarascon" in France. "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," and "Dr. Sevier" occupy a unique and honored place in American literature. But the gulf-coast critics got it into their heads that the author was poking fun at them, and to convince them of the contrary, Mr. Cable would have to fight innumerable duels—if, indeed, he escaped being lynched.

—One of the happiest men, both by nature and in circumstances, is General Felix Agnus, a veteran of the war, and the editor and publisher of the *Baltimore American*, which dates from 1773, and which, among other services, first printed "The Star-spangled Banner" fresh from Key's manuscript. General Agnus is of French birth. He came to this country, after an interesting military and naval career in the French service, as an engraver and sculptor in the establishment of Tiffany & Co. He had been there a very short time when the war broke out, and although he could speak no English, he enlisted.



GENERAL FELIX AGNUS.

He served throughout the conflict and was wounded eleven times. From the private he arose to the rank he now holds. Among his friendships were the great generals of the war. He has one of the finest estates in the South, and its famous hospitality has been enjoyed by the leading men of the times. His name has been constantly mentioned in connection with important official stations at home and abroad, but he is one of the fortunate few who want no office, and he has all the responsibility he desires in the management of a great newspaper property.

—That delightful Italian writer and observant traveler, Edmondo de Amicis, has not given as much to the world in the last few years as it was his habit formerly to do. But he has recently been in Paris, and what he tells us is full of piquant interest. He describes Sardou as looking "a little like a priest, a little like a diplomat high in the Papal court, a little like Napoleon, a little like Voltaire, and a little like the smiling portrait of an actress hanging in his library." To Sardou, in discussing the French theatres, de Amicis remarked upon the

extraordinarily rapid enunciation of French actors. "You are quite right," exclaimed M. Sardou. "It is a thing which has driven me to despair more than once. Sarah herself is sometimes unintelligible. At the final rehearsal she is divine; in the first performance she is overwhelming; but later on it is all a mad race up to the fall of the curtain. I heard her once in Nice. It was worse than in Paris; all you could catch was 'ta-ta-ta-ta.' She and her company were like school-children anxious to get through their recitations as soon as possible. It was horrible; they should have all had a good caning."

—Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, of Chicago, is a many-sided man and holds his own as a leader of society notwithstanding his incur-



MR. H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

sions into literature. In a place such as Chicago, to be literary is apt to raise the suspicion of those who control the forces which make that great town most famous. It may be that Mr. Chatfield-Taylor maintains his vogue amidst iconoclastic surroundings by reason of the modesty of his pretensions as a man of letters. Whether his merits be great or small is not for us to say, for we have not read his books, but we know that he has written and published them, which is a deal more than a many men have done who plume themselves on literary activity and accomplishment. But as to the simplicity of his bearing and the modesty of his attitude toward the world and himself there can be no doubt. To record this in an age of inflation, when bumptiousness is the most abundant crop that is cultivated, is a real pleasure. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, we believe, is a man of fortune, with no necessity to labor. That he should care to contribute to the entertainment of the world according to his ability is entirely to his credit.

—Mr. James L. Ford, the author of "The Literary Shop," is distinctively a literary humorist. By this characterization we do not mean primarily that he is a humorist with a literary style—though that is true, also—but that his delightful irony finds its completest scope in dealing with literary persons and things. A New-Yorker by birth, and a feuilleton-journalist by training, Mr. Ford knows the inside history of the principal publishing-houses and periodicals holding their forts to-day, and remembers that of many more whose ruins strew the track of the last quarter of a century. He frolics among the fetiches of the big magazines and respectable, conservative weeklies with an irreverent gait that causes their editors and pet contributors to hold up both hands. No minor poet or aspiring hack would ever dare to chaff the prose-and-verse magnates as Ford does, however strong the temptation; for it would prematurely blight their prospects of selling stuff in the literary market. Unlike some writers who are humorous on paper only, "Jim" Ford personally lives up to his genial reputation, and is one of the mitred abbots of the Cloister Club. He acknowledges a fraternal affinity for Marshall P. Wilder—so much so that, while delighting to listen by the hour to the little fellow's jokes, he scrupulously refrains from ever appropriating any of them to his own purposes.

## Ben Franklin, the Boy.

THE charming statue, in Carrara marble, herewith represented, is the work of an Italian sculptor, Pasquale Romanelli,



FRANKLIN AND HIS WHISTLE.

and attracted attention among the art exhibits at the Centennial World's Fair at Philadelphia, in 1876. Acquired at that time by an American collector, the late Dr. Abraham Coles, it is now presented from his estate, by his son and daughter, to the Public Library of Newark, New Jersey. It stands upon a pillar-pedestal of dark Algerian marble, which is not shown in the picture. The anecdote illustrated so happily is the well-known autobiographical one of Franklin's boyhood,

in which originated the common proverbial metaphor of "paying too dearly for one's whistle."

"When I was a child," he wrote, "seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth, put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure. This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing I said to myself, 'Don't give too much for the whistle,' and I saved my money. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle."



## The Great Siberian Railway.



THE Trans-Siberian Railway, at the time of my recent visit, was open to general traffic as far as the Ob River, a distance of eight hundred and eighty-two miles from Chehabrinsk, the eastern terminus of the European railway system, and three hundred and eighty-six miles beyond the Siberian city of Omsk; but, with the favor of Prince Hillkoff, the Russian minister of ways and communications, I was able to continue my rail journey beyond the Ob River over the partially completed division to Krasnoyarsk. The formal opening of this last division, which Prince Hillkoff informs me will take place at the end of the present year, will at last establish a complete rail communication of about three

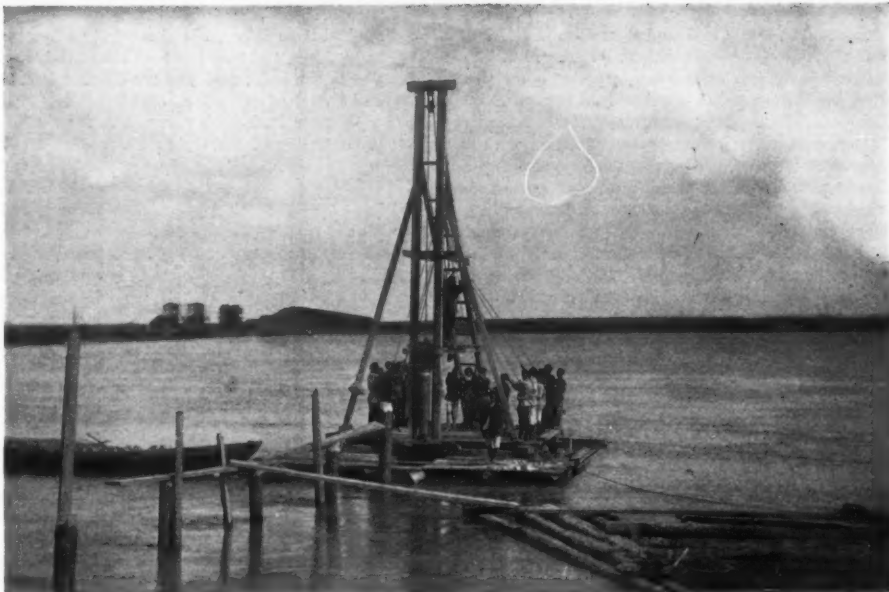
thousand miles between St. Petersburg and the greatest of the Siberian water-ways, the Yenesei River.

I cannot share in the general opinion that the Trans-Siberian Railway was designed chiefly for strategical purposes. It is quite true that the completion of this transcontinental highway will enable Russia, at very short notice, to fill up the weak gaps along her sparsely settled Chinese flank, and at the same time to open up an avenue for the ready transport of troops to the Pacific littoral, thereby greatly augmenting her influence in Eastern waters.

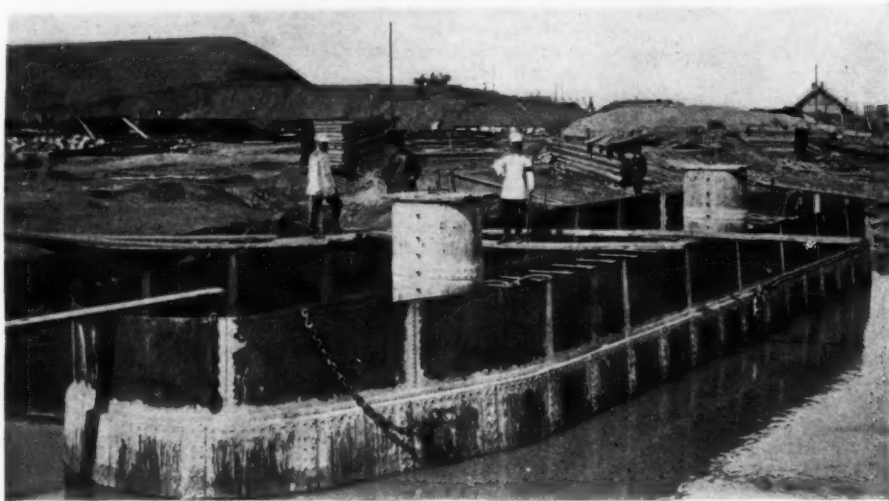
Nevertheless, the commercial development of Siberia, which, with every encouragement from the government, is following rapidly in the wake of this opening enterprise, seems to me to have been the paramount object in the minds of its originators. The emperor himself, who is president of the board of directors for the Trans-Siberian Railway, is taking the liveliest personal interest in the matter of immigration.

New towns are springing up all along the line, and the populations of the old ones rapidly increasing, especially in the trading quarters. Noov Nicholaevsk, which now lies at the junction of the Trans-Siberian Railway and the Ob River system, one of the most advantageous commercial positions along the route, has sprung up like a mushroom in the very heart of the wilderness, and to-day it is impossible to buy a piece of land there within a one mile radius of the station-house. The teeming valleys of the southern Ob and Yenesei rivers are already being tapped to supply the untilled steppe lands of western Siberia on the one hand, and the untillable mountainous districts of eastern Siberia on the other, thus giving full play to the natural laws of compensation. Not five years ago, during the bread famine in eastern Siberia, when wheat in Irkutsk was selling for one dollar and fifty cents per *pod*, it could be bought in Barnaul, in the Ob valley, for about eight cents.

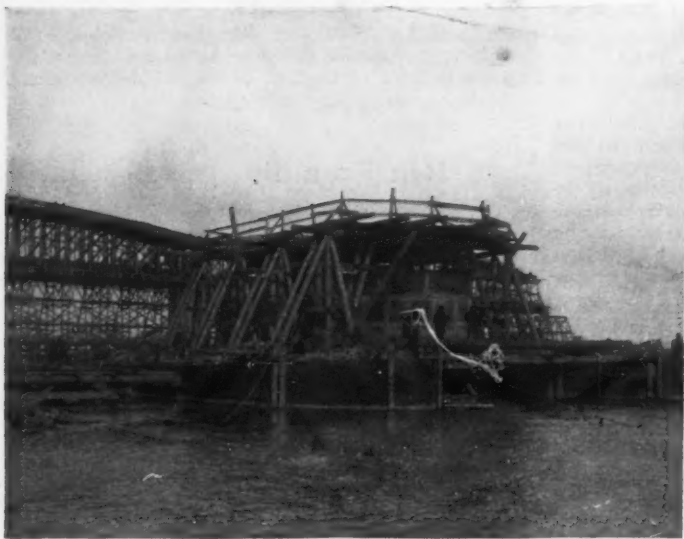
THOMAS G. ALLEN, JR.



PILE-DRIVER WITH MAN INSTEAD OF STEAM POWER.



BUILDING CAISSON IN SHALLOW WATER OF THE IRTISH RIVER.



FLOATING A CAISSON INTO POSITION.



BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION WITHOUT SCAFFOLDING.



PASSENGER TRAIN ON FINISHED SECTION OF ROAD.



HUT USED BY TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY LABORERS.

## IN THE NEW SIBERIA, I.—THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

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*"Now we were in the passage, the girl leading."*

## BOBBIE McDUFF.

By CLINTON ROSS

### XX.

#### THE GLADE BY THE FOUNTAIN.

BUT my dear cousin did not look down at me then; and I succeeded this time in lowering the ladder with Mary Berringer's and the girl's help—for they were both athletic women, I have said. It was an easy matter to extend it to the balcony. We followed the same method as in descending from the high tower—Marietta first, Lady Berringer, and I last. I reflected again that we likely were descending into a trap. But when I was down I saw Marietta and my lady inside the narrow, open window of a great bare room.

"Now we must hurry," Marietta whispered. "They will find you are gone in a moment."

We followed her down a stair, and still another, down, ever down, through what seemed a deserted part of Monte Bazzi. There were rooms with faded and torn tapestries, given entirely over to moths and rats. But at last we reached a place seeming far under the castle, when Marietta raised a trap in the stone flagging and we looked again into an abyss. Against the opening was a ladder, down which the girl began to climb. This was a very long steel ladder, for we were descending into the vault, where of old prisoners had been cast to rot, no cry ever rising from that muffled, smooth-walled place. Did any of them know then of the secret door? And thereon hangs a story which I had from Petruccio.

A thousand years before, a lord of Monte Bazzi had utilized

the passage to the fountain, suspecting that sometime he might be a prisoner in the dungeon of his own stronghold—to die there horribly of starvation and despair, as he had made others die. So he had built the door to the passage to the fountain. The passage itself is so old that even expert antiquarians who have examined it carefully, detail by detail (since the events I am chronicling), are unable to account for it.

Now Marietta, first at the foot of the long ladder, lit a lantern. I was helping my lady down. For it was an old, rusted, iron ladder, and I wondered why it had been left against the trap. Possibly Marietta had put it there; Marietta, who seemed so ready at all things—a song or an escape, love or hate. I compared her with Iakof, who had atoned for having dared to raise his hand against a Kracikof. And she, who had been to such pains to hurt me, now was doing all she could to cure the hurt.

Now we were in the passage, the girl leading. How long it seemed, as we climbed down the stairs and came to the path at the edge of the great cavern, where the swinging lantern showed the glory of the vaulted vastness. For it seemed like some great temple. And who, indeed, knows but that it may have been a secret place of an ancient priesthood?

And then we were at the last stair, and ascending it, and I was pushing back the great stone on its noiseless rollers. And we were above, by the nymph, with the sweet wood about—with freedom in view. I had gone into Monte Bazzi almost hopelessly, and the most extraordinary chance had helped me; and

here we stood, my lady and the gypsy girl and I, while the water trickled softly, and the nymph—who had seen so many years—smiled at the Triton as joyously as when the maker of the fountain had placed her there.

But Marietta caught my arm and looked down the stair.

"Do you hear, brother? They are behind us in the passage."

Yes, there came the sound, now rising, again fading. I turned to the little stretch of fountain. Marietta had lifted her skirts and was wading toward the grassy edge.

Without a word my lady was following her example, when I told her I could carry her over. It was only a few steps after all, but it took me some time, with that dear burden, to avoid slipping; and they were precious moments for us. For I hardly had put her on the grassy bank before I heard Alexander Kracikof's voice, as calm, as well modulated, as if he had not been running after us. Beside him were three of his servants, some of whom I remembered having seen during my imprisonment in the rented chateau of the Comte de Saint-Dernier. And then there was that rascally groom, Peters, already in the water. My cousin folded his arms.

"My dear friends, do come back to Monte Bazzi for breakfast!" he said, as nonchalantly as a man stating any commonplace.

It would have been foolish to run for it with the two women. Those good Lebannians would do their master's bidding unless, like Iakof, they might know I was a Kracikof.



"Your servants will not dare to raise their hands against a Kracikof," I said, seeking to make as much advantage of this as possible.

"I shall not ask my servants to raise their hands against you, cousin—for I acknowledge the relationship," when I looked at this surprising relative in utter astonishment.

Some five of these were now on the bank—great, ugly fellows, with eyes honest for their master's service. I have known many of their kind since. How different are they from the knavish Peters!

And what did my cousin mean by this declaration before these members of his household? At the moment there came lumbering up the stair, his head now projecting above the statue's pedestal, a round, fat, sleek-faced individual.

"Signor Ferice," said the prince, as he came into view, "you have drawn the paper?"

"Yes, signor prince."

"Explain it, signor—in French, which they all understand."

"Monseigneur, Prince Alexander Kracikof of Lebannia, in Russia, and of the estate of Monte Bazzi, has declared as his heir Prince Ivan Kracikof, his second cousin."

We, who had expected anything rather than this remarkable declaration, listened in amazement, you may believe—the retainers of the prince, the English groom, my lady, and the gypsy girl.

"And the prince, in doing this, acknowledges that he holds Ivan Kracikof his deadly enemy, as was his father before him."

"And why, then," I asked, "this remarkable action?"

"For three reasons, cousin. I despair now of preventing my uncle, Nikolai Kracikof, from declaring you his heir. The second is that we three—Prince Nikolai, you, and I—are the last Kracikofs, and I have pride of that name—not to let it die out—since I am not likely to have an heir. And thirdly, cousin, you are my enemy indeed—my rival for the hand of a dear and charming lady." And he bowed deeply to Lady Berringer.

"You take strange methods of winning a woman, Alexander Kracikof," she said, bitterly.

"I knew I could not win your fancy, but at least I might keep you from him; and you will acknowledge that I have tried to make your detention as pleasant as possible."

"Under the circumstances," she answered; "and allowing that you have a privilege, above other men, to deprive any one you like of liberty." She faced him with angry, flashing eyes.

"Every man has to act for himself, Lady Berringer. It is not the nature of us Kracikofs to yield—even to our cousins. Nor will Ivan yield to me. But to return to my third reason: even if I hate you, Ivan, I prefer you should be heir to the Kracikofs—barring my possible son. And so, cousin, I have drawn my will as the Signor Ferice has said. I asked the signor to come after me—anticipating, as I did, this termination of our adventure together. And, again, I have another reason, which at first I did not care to explain; I will, however, because you will attribute it to me—if I don't confess it."

I was wondering at this extraordinary man—for extraordinary he certainly was; in his unscrupulousness, in his peculiar family pride, in the way he used his money to accomplish any end, to satisfy any whim, despite any interference.

"I am obliged to you, Alexander, for your consideration. I hate you heartily; and you have given me reason. But I shall be glad to hear your other reason," I added.

"I have fancied that you, my heir—self-confessed by me—and that the Countess of Berringer, would not be inclined to air—say in the courts—what would create a family scandal, without, in fact, accomplishing any good."

"We might put you in your true light before Europe," I remarked.

"What difference would that make to me? But that lies with yourselves. I shall not force that provision. But more than all, Ivan, is it that you have aroused a certain admiration because you have met me fairly—because you have well proved yourself a Kracikof."

"That is not a very desirable character, judging from yours, cousin."

"And so, Ivan," he continued, ignoring my words, "I have been fair to you—if, at the same time, unfair. You have a grievance against me, and I against you. There is an old way—not altogether obsolete—of settling such a grievance. You have the pistols, Peters?"

"Yes, your Highness," that individual answered.

"Give Prince Ivan Kracikof—for I no longer contest his title—give the prince his choice, Peters."

"Which will your Highness have?" Peters said, advancing.

"Did you mean now—here—before these?" I asked, looking at Alexander Kracikof.

"We will go a little into the wood, cousin."

I turned to my lady.

"Yes, he has been fair in some things. Fight him, Ivan," she said. And she came up to me and looked into my eyes.

"I am ready," said I, turning to my cousin. And then I noticed Marietta, her dark eyes intent on my face. Two of the men found a plank, which they stretched to the statue's pedestal. He crossed even airily, followed by the notary.

"Lady Berringer, I apologize to you," he said.

She did not answer, biting her lips until they bled.

Then he turned to me. "I will have two of the men remain with her ladyship."

"Thank you for your consideration, prince," I said, speaking for my lady.

"Come, Cousin Ivan," he answered.

And I, after a few words with my lady, followed, fingering the pistol Peters had given me. It was an exquisite toy of the duelling mode eighty years ago.

Behind came the notary and the four servants, and then I saw another—Iakof, the flogged. I had not seen him before. I fancied I caught the glimmer of Marietta's skirt through the trees. Was Marietta, too, simply curious? Mary Berringer had remained in the glade by the fountain. She had told me to accept the challenge. I was fighting her battle as well as my own. But my lady did not wish to see the duel, and Marietta did. Which is the greater—the stronger—feeling; the wish to see a friend in danger, to share it all in agony—or to be able to bear the sight of his danger? I was asking myself these questions that moment. I was doing my dear lady the greatest injustice.

## XXI.

"Then I made a grand finale—  
And married a girl in the *corps du ballet*."—*Thackeray*.

AFTER some distance in a narrow way—the fountain's trickle ever fainter—we came into another broad opening.

"Cousin, we should have the form of having seconds," the prince here said, pausing. "Will you measure the space, Signor Ferice?"

"Certainly, signor prince," said the fat notary. "But we have no surgeon."

"No; the wounded will probably be beyond a surgeon's care. This is not a light matter," the prince retorted.

"Ah, signor prince," said the notary, pacing the distance and looking about, "will not an apology serve?"

"Not for our enmity," the prince said.

"No; not for me," I said, on my part.

"I have treated you ill," he said, as if stating a mere commonplace.

"But I must say that you are considerate in some things," I said to him then. "When you have us so completely in your power you suddenly change your course of action."

"Do you think it was on your account, you fool?" he said, quickly, with less self-control indeed than I had ever seen him show. "It is on account of one more important to me than all the Kracikofs in the world. But I give you this chance in a fair quarrel."

"Yes, a fair quarrel," I acknowledged; but I was thinking of Marietta—not of Mary Berringer. And where was Marietta now? And then I saw her there in the glade, and behind her stood my own dear lady.

"I have Iakof here to look after your interest. He appears to have done so once before," the prince said.

"He is a Kracikof, my father," Iakof said.

"You were flogged for it, Iakof."

"Justly, my father," the huge fellow said, bending his head.

"Well, see that my cousin has the choice of the pistols. Let Iakof examine them, Peters," he added, to the groom. "You can trust Iakof, Ivan Kracikof."

"Yes, prince," I said, bowing, and in some way admiring him the more. At least his servants—even this fellow, Peters—would die for him; Peters had none of the other servants' feudal instinct. There must be something great in a man who inspires such a devotion; it was not alone for the color of the prince's gold that Peters had risked his skin at the head of the stair to the high tower.

"The Signor Ferice will do me the same favor of examining the pistols," he continued.

"His Highness's pistol is satisfactory, my father," said Iakof, handing me my weapon.

"This is in excellent condition, prince," the notary said.

"You will call off, Signor Ferice," the prince responded.

"Yes, prince," said the other.

We took our places.

Signor Ferice began to call. The pistols were leveled and my enemy and I were looking each other cruelly in the face. But suddenly Marietta was between us. She stood before the prince, speaking quickly, her voice holding a sob; and turning about to me, she cried:

"You shall not shoot him, for I love him, Ivan Kracikof!"

My own dear lady here came hurriedly forward. And her voice trembled.

"No, you must not risk your life for me, Ivan. I was wrong in asking you to—"

"It is your fight," I said, "and mine."

But the Prince Alexander Kracikof had thrown down his pistol, and he was beside Marietta of the downcast eyes.

"My friends," he said, bending his head low, "I have no quarrel with Ivan Kracikof. That is over. This lady"—and he stood up there before us even proudly—"is a Princess Kracikof."

And he bent his head again very low.

"Will you forgive me, Marietta?"

And Marietta looked up to him.

"If you will have it so, Alexander."

She turned to me.

"I owe you, brother—for we are kin—an explanation. I was married to the prince two years ago."

"And I never deserved you," he said.

"But you indeed did, Alexander," said the girl. "What am I that you should not prefer the English lady to me?"

"But I never did," said he. "The Countess of Berringer will bear me out in this and will pardon me. I only felt that we Kracikofs should not make more mesalliances. I was wrong—"

"And you dared!" Mary Berringer cried.

"It was because you attracted me," he said. "It was because you are charming. And while I intended marrying Marietta Calesi, as my cousin Ivan Kracikof did her aunt Beatrice—I did not know then that I should meet you. You made me forget the girl of Monte Bazzi."

"And that, miladi, was the reason why I hated you—from the first," Marietta said.

"Yes, I understand. I thought it was Ivan," Mary Berringer answered.

"Lady Berringer, I saw the worldly advantage of a union with you," he continued. "And then Ivan came between us. He had no right, my lady."

"The right of my love!" said my lady, proudly.

"And that angered me. I hated my cousin the more, you may believe. He not only was my rival for the Lebannian estates, but for you."

"And Marietta?" asked Lady Berringer.

"I am only explaining. In returning to Europe I found Marietta again at Monte Bazzi. I married her. But my hate of my cousin returned. I am not a man to accept defeat."

"No, you are not," said I. "I know that well."

"And so, cousin, I brought your lady, here; I wronged you both. I have apologized as well as I may—by making you my heir—by giving you, too, the chance of the duel."

"That was fair of you," I answered. "But why, prince, have you changed?"

"On account of a Princess Kracikof," he said, his eyes on Marietta. She stood there by his side, smiling and blushing.

"Listen, Ivan Kracikof, and you will learn your own mis-

takes about me," she said at last. "Petruchio helped your escape from the château in Normandy because he would do anything to injure your cousin, the prince, since the prince had not then kept his promise with me. And afterward, when he kept his promise and I was—although secretly—a Princess Kracikof, my brother was satisfied. But when the prince tried to wrong you—and had taken away you, miladi, from Mentone—Petruchio and I held this, too, a wrong to me."

"And yet, if you helped me, you betrayed Petruchio and me at the inn?" I questioned.

"For, brother, the heart cried out on me for that I was doing. And I warned the prince; and again, fearing you might hurt him, I followed you when you escaped; and I came to Monte Bazzi and released him—because—I could not do otherwise," she explained in a low voice.

"And you changed me, Marietta—as Beatrice Calesi might in her day," the prince said.

"Yet jealousy was in my heart. I hated you, miladi, and so I planned your escape from the tower, and yet my heart cried out again—that I was wronging my husband, the prince. For two wrongs do not make a right, as the priests say, and as our fathers, the Egyptians, taught."

"And I disliked you, Marietta," my lady said, softly—"because of Ivan."

"But I like you now, miladi," Marietta said.

"And I you—as a Princess Kracikof," said my lady.

Then the prince, looking about at the little circle of his servants and of us others, said:

"I have explained how in the end I found Marietta's love, my friends, more important than all else; and that I had been a fool—begging Lady Berringer's pardon—for ever having thought of else. My cousin Ivan once deprived me of a woman, Beatrice Calesi, who might have made life different for me. So I hated his son in turn. But now Marietta makes me indifferent to the old feud. I have but to make the best amends I may."

I had hesitated while he was speaking. But now—seeing he was indeed in earnest—I turned to my dear lady.

"It is for you, dear, to accept or refuse the prince's apology."

She laughed lightly, pressing my hand, and turning to him, said:

"We forgive you, Prince Kracikof, not for your apology—not because you have proclaimed Ivan your heir, and have left him undisputed in the heirship of Lebannia—not for these reasons, prince, but because of Marietta, Princess Kracikof."

Yet some moments after I heard my lady say to Marietta:

"You made Ivan believe you loved him; and why?"

"How did you know, miladi? But yes, I did. That was the only way I could hide from him my interest in Alexander."

"Yes," said my lady, reflectively, at this, "I think that was the only way."

But why should Marietta wish to hide that from me? I am not sure even now that I quite understand women. But on her account was ended the feud between us of the Kracikofs.

And now, if you meet Marietta at Petersburg, or at Paris, you will see—of all her wildness—one of the most exquisite—next to my lady—of all the princesses of the Kracikof house. She has won my grandfather, Nikolai Kracikof, completely. For Prince Nikolai Kracikof declared he would not oppose Alexander's union as he opposed his son's, Ivan Kracikof's.

I am acknowledged the heir of the Lebannian estates, and, being now also Alexander Kracikof's heir, indeed, of Monte Bazzi. My cousin seems to have changed his character. He is no longer "the terrible Kracikof," as once he was called throughout Europe—the favorite at Petersburg, the man of great possession and of greater expectation—who would hesitate at no means to gain an end.

If you who may have followed this story think it Mediaeval, you must remember that it was the case of a Kracikof against a Kracikof—of a grudge my cousin had against my father, and which he continued to me. And place us together in Monte Bazzi—an old house with many mysteries, builded first in the ages of Latin fable—and you will find, I think, looking at the matter, that, after all, it is not so improbable.

Now, as for Petruchio (whose release my cousin secured at once), if you wander of a June day in Fontainebleau—the wood of the ancient kings, of painter and poet—you may see him, a bronzed, lithe figure, with whimsical eyes that hold the kindness of a bull-dog wagging its tail; his step graceful, and in his bearing a certain superiority, of him who has lived under the stars and the low, beating clouds. Or you may chance on him in the wood of Monte Bazzi—where "Do not fail, too, to see the fountain of the nymph and Triton," as Herr Baedeker would say.

As for my brother-in-law, John Dort, and as for Felix Miranda, you know them well, and have I not made this account at M. Miranda's request?

And lastly, as for us, my lady and me. Ah, mostly about us now are the trammels of position. I have my service to the czar, as my ancestors theirs in ancient Muscovy. And there is another Ivan Kracikof, now a boy of five, with that curious red mark on the left temple.

And to him in his turn we know that the wanderer's life will call; that the fate of the Calesi—a share of their fortune and their misfortune—will be his, to meet as well as he may; as well as the nature he has and the training we try to give him may suffer him.

THE END.

## Song for Saint Valentine's Day.

ONCE more, oh love, once more

The fleeting year has run

Its rhythmic round, and frore

Earth lies beneath the sun.

But, though the sleet-shafts dart,

The core of joy is mine

With thee, oh dearest heart,

To be my valentine!

I miss the singing bough,

The gossip brook I miss;

And yet, oh sweet, somehow

I keep the charm of bliss.

What may the secret be?

I see thy true eyes shine;

The secret's this—I've thee

To be my valentine!

Then let the days divide

To music harsh and rude!

With me doth spring abide,

And calm beatitude.

Though surly winter roar,

And all his were-wolves whine,

I'll laugh them from the door

With thee for valentine!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.



## Our Indian Police.

The past few years have witnessed wonderful changes on the Indian reservations of the Northwest, which have in all cases been for the better; and where formerly all was disorder and turmoil has now been so systematized that the Indian agencies present the appearance of well-regulated cities. The present discipline of the Indians is the result, to a great extent, of the excellence of the police force, which is now a recognized fixture at all Indian agencies.

These peace officers are always Indians, and compose a force that for efficiency and bravery cannot be surpassed. The ordinary Indian, who would naturally be disposed to create trouble whenever he had an opportunity, is not now so anxious as formerly to do so, out of fear of a visit from a squad of police. The wrong-doer, no matter if he lives on the very outskirts of the reservation, sixty or eighty miles from the agency, knows that a visit from the police is just as certain as that the sun will rise and set, and he knows also that he will receive prompt punishment for whatever crime he has committed.

He may attempt to elude the policemen, but they are veritable bloodhounds and never fail to find their man, no matter to what part of the reservation he may go. The character of the work they are called upon to perform is shown by the capture of Handsome Elk, one of the most fearless desperadoes of the Sioux Nation. The desperado had had trouble with another Indian living on the reservation, and one day went to the home of his enemy and shot him dead.

An order for the arrest of Handsome Elk was issued by the Indian agent, and the Indian police were instructed to make the arrest and bring the murderer to the agency. When Handsome Elk heard of this order he sent word to the Indian police and agency authorities that he would kill those who attempted his capture. It was some time before his whereabouts could be ascertained, when one day the Indian police received information that he was stopping at the cabin of a friend, some distance from the agency.

Fire Thunder, chief of the agency police, accompanied by two of his policemen, at once set out to apprehend the murderer. On nearing the cabin where their prey was said to be, and while taking observations from behind a tuft of grass on an adjoining hill, they saw Handsome Elk and his Indian friend come from the cabin and enter a summer arbor near by. After a careful scrutiny of the house and surroundings, it was planned to take the murderer by surprise and arrest him without the loss of life.

In the rear of the arbor was a ravine, and from this point



HANDSOME ELK, INDIAN DESPERADO.

the three policemen determined to approach the summer-house and capture the desperado. Mounting their ponies they circled around from their place of observation and rode to a point in the ravine directly behind the arbor. Here they dismounted, and Fire Thunder, after giving the policemen instructions, started on foot for the arbor. He was cautiously followed by his two companions, who took their posts in the rear of the fragile structure. Fire Thunder walked fearlessly to the only opening, and the two Indians inside instantly jumped to their feet upon observing him.

Handsome Elk had a Winchester rifle in his hands, and in an instant was prepared to resist the expected attack of the chief of police. But Fire Thunder held up his empty hands, signifying that his mission was one of peace, and crowded 'nto the arbor, inquiring about some stray horses as he did so. So shrewdly and well did he act his part that the momentary suspicion of the two Indians was removed, and he was invited to sit down and make himself comfortable. All three then sat down, Handsome Elk facing the door with his rifle across his knees. After a time Fire Thunder arose to his feet, presumably for the purpose of inspecting some object within the arbor, and during the examination approached the spot where Handsome Elk was still sitting on the ground.

This was the opportunity for which the chief of police had waited, and with the leap of a panther he sprang upon the recumbent form of the murderer, pinning him to the ground. A signal brought the two policemen who had remained quietly outside, and the capture was made.

Indian policemen are appointed by the United States Indian agent in charge of the reservation, subject to the approval of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Captains and lieutenants receive a salary of fifteen dollars per month, and privates ten dollars. There is considerable rivalry for the positions, and many individuals serve for years without caring to take advantage of their right to resign at any time. A. I. BURKHOLDER.

## Beyond Control.

I LOVE you; 'tis my cry within the night.  
My pent-up passion pours its lava stream  
At your dear feet, nor thought of wrong or right  
Can hold me from that tender, maddening dream:  
I love you; all is nothingness save this.  
Duty and wisdom fade away from thought  
And leave me blindly rapturous, warmly caught,  
Within the memory of your magic kiss.



I love you: I can dream of naught beside  
Your coming home: I live for that alone;  
To feel your being through my senses glide,  
To hear the music of each tender tone,—  
Ah, God! the pain, the bitterness of all  
This thwarted love! But, no, I'll not repine;  
Let memory pour forth passion's sweetest wine  
And wreath red roses for love's coronal.  
I love you; and I can, with you away,  
Own you as mine, mine own forever more;  
Live for you, dream of you in love's bright day;  
Bar out regrets and lock the grating door  
Of conscience; and yet, dearest love, I call  
You back, though bitter anguish and regret  
Must be the tunes to which our love is set;  
I love you, and I need you, that is all.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

## The Horoscope of Governor Black.

At the moment of Governor F. S. Black's inauguration at Albany, New York, January 1st, 1897, the celestial equinoctial sign Aries, which Mars rules, was rising; Mars, therefore, is the ruling planet of Governor Black's administration, and incidentally of the State Republican party, as he represents that element in the highest office within the gift of New-Yorkers. Mars always denotes a fighter, or an aggressive individual; therefore the Republicans and Governor Black, of New York, will partake of that element during his term of two years. They will be very ambitious, and as Governor Black has the sun, natural ruler of power, in elevation, they will certainly maintain an aggressive policy in most things. Mr. Black's ruling planet denotes many obstacles to be overcome. Some powerful commercial interests will be attacked, no doubt some trust, and he will be successful in his general conduct of affairs.

Some financial institutions, such as banks, especially those in charge of the younger element, will go to the wall. This will cause panics; securities, stocks, bonds, etc., will take a tumble, and a sort of depression or stagnation of trade may be apprehended.

Steps toward the improvement of the capitol or public buildings will be taken, but, owing to trouble with finances, there is doubt as to a successful issue on this point.

The stars glow with ominous lustre on two or more eminent sons of the Empire State—a legislator, and another high in power. Both these deaths will be notable, and will be accom-

panied by singular or strange circumstances. "Death loves a shining mark."

A severe illness will become prevalent in some reformatory or eleemosynary institution. In fact, some such place needs overhauling and investigation. There is also danger of a fire or collapse.

Matters pertaining to divorce and marriage will receive attention, and I fear New-Yorkers will witness some very sensational affair connected therewith. In fact, the moral sensibilities of the people will experience one or two sad shocks.

The rate of mortality will probably average higher than usual, and many of the deaths will be attended with circumstances singular, inexplicable, mysterious, or startling.

The State Legislature will incline to act harmoniously for a time—though I fear the elements of discord are, or will be, quite pronounced before his term passes. Conciliatory overtures will be made by either or both sides, but the ruler of the party afflicted seems to indicate delay, obstruction, and considerable verbosity.

But Governor Black will be quite successful in his interpretation of the will of the people. He will be a Governor who will uphold the honor of his State, who will be a terror to the criminal classes, who will think of and befriend the people, first, last, and all the time.

One more word: Mr. Black, stand between the treasury and the grabbers and looters.

JULIUS ERICKSON.

## The Army and Navy Hospital at Hot Springs.

LARGELY owing to the efforts of the late General John A. Logan, Congress, in June, 1882, passed an act making appropriation for construction at Hot Springs, Arkansas, of a government hospital for the treatment of officers and men of its military services who had been disabled, in line of duty, by any of the diseases for the treatment of which the thermal springs at that place had established a reputation. Construction of the needed buildings was begun in 1883, and they were ready for occupancy and the hospital was officially opened in June, 1886, with Major Henry S. Vickery as surgeon-in-charge.

The hospital is situated on the slopes of Hot Springs Mountain, overlooking the business centre of the city of Hot Springs and the valley in which its southern half spreads out. The grounds of the hospital consist of a tract of ten acres, set aside for that purpose from the general government reserve, and are under the administrative control of the War Department. The buildings of the hospital are effectively grouped together, and, except in case of the quarters of the commanding officer, which stands above the other buildings on the mountain slope, they are connected with each other by covered galleries. The main building is of three stories, with broad galleries on three sides, and provides, with its wing, or "annex," as it is called, quarters for sixteen invalid officers, each having a separate room, and reading-room, mess-room, and kitchen. The first floor is devoted to the administrative offices of the commanding officer, who is surgeon-in-charge, the assistant-surgeon, and the quartermaster and disbursing officer; the first two are detailed from the medical corps of the army or navy, and the latter is an officer of the quartermaster-general's department, or a line-officer detailed to act as such. The present commanding officer is Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred A. Woodhull, M.D., United States Army.

Officers of the army, navy, and marine corps who might be benefited by the baths are given sick leave of absence, and permission by the War Department to enter the hospital, where they present themselves at their own expense and pay their mess expenses while there. Enlisted men whose recovery necessitates treatment here are ordered to the hospital, the government paying their transportation and mess expenses the same as if the men were ordered on any other duty. No one is admitted for any illness not contracted in the line of duty while in service, the large majority of cases being rheumatic and neuralgic. The use of the baths is stimulating, and therefore they are other than beneficial for such diseases as would be aggravated by stimulation of the circulation.

The bath-house is a separate building divided into officers' and men's sections, the former having four tubs in good-sized bathtubs, the latter sixteen tubs. Each division has a plunge-bath with pool twelve feet square, and cooling rooms for use after baths. The water used comes from a spring reserved for the purpose at the foot of the mountain, which flows about fifty-five gallons per minute at a temperature of one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit.

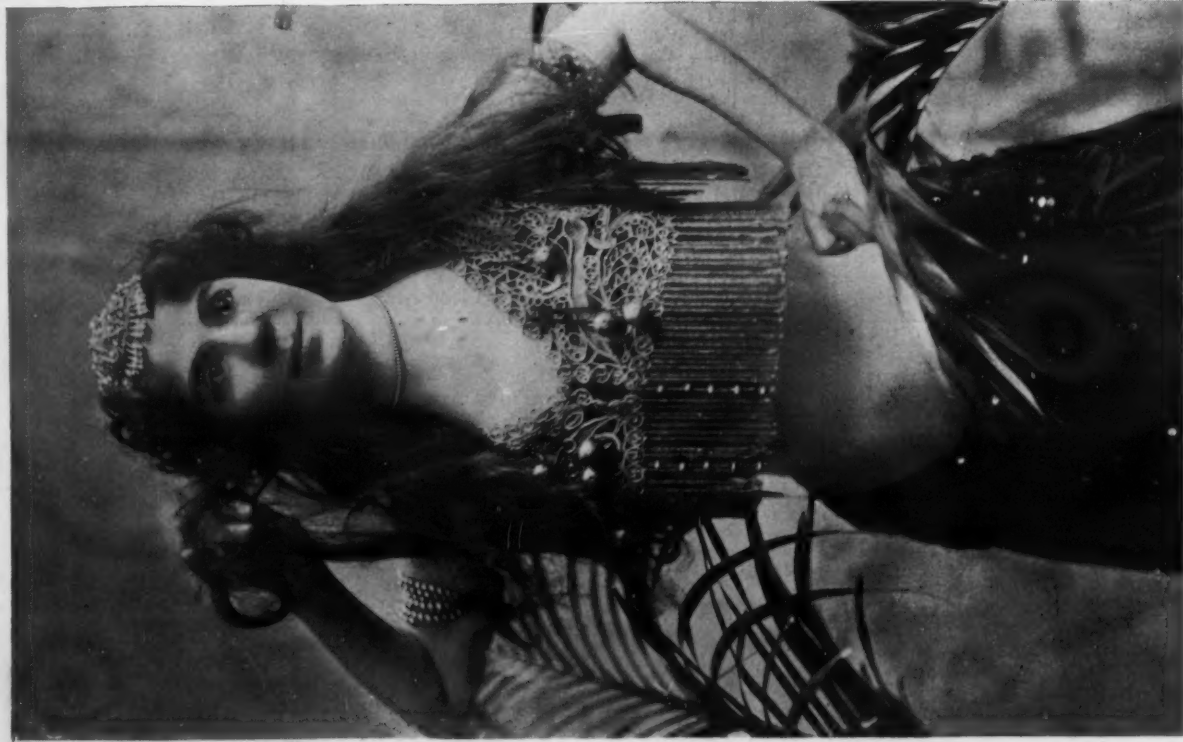
There is no apparent medical reason for the results obtained by bathing in and drinking of these waters, but they speak for themselves, and many a wearer of Uncle Sam's blue is, thanks to this hospital, a witness to the efficacy of the waters of the Hot Springs of Arkansas.

LEWIS D. GREENE,  
Lieutenant United States Army.

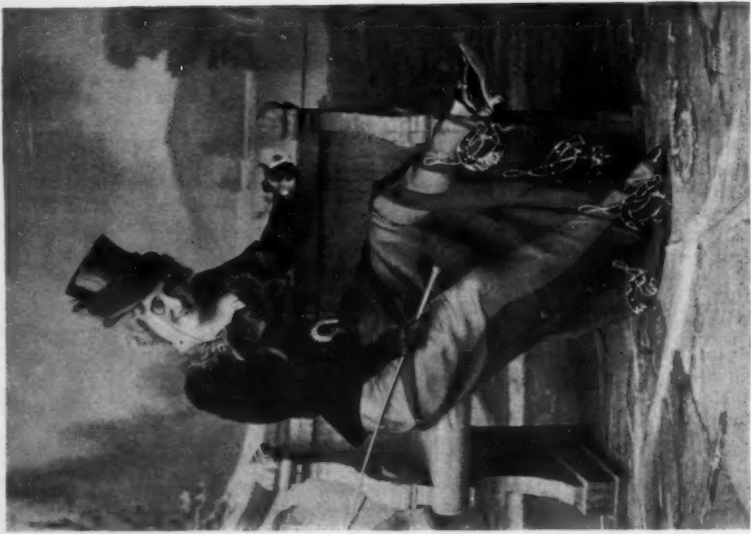


A SQUAD OF INDIAN POLICE





LITTLE EGYPT.



LONA BARRISON.



BARRISON SISTERS.



JUNIOR VALAREZ.  
Copyright by Falk.



LA BELLE OTERO.



Mlle. E. Fougere.



LITTLE EGYPT.







LITTLE EGYPT.



BARONESS BERSERERLE



GESSY FITZGERALD.  
Copyright by Falk



TROJA.  
Copyright by Falk.



THE ROOF-GARDEN AT HAMMERSTEIN'S OLYMPIA.

### SOME INDECENCIES OF THE NEW YORK CONCERT-HALLS.

THE VULGARITIES AND IMMORAL SUGGESTIVENESS OF THE DANCERS AT THE CONCERT-HALLS IN THE METROPOLIS HAVE GONE FROM BAD TO WORSE, UNTIL THE GRAND JURY OF THE COUNTY HAS INTERVENED  
AND AN INTERCOMMITTEE AGAINST A MANAGER AND INDICEMENTS ALSO AGAINST SEVERAL MEN—THOUGHT PREVIOUSLY TO BE GENTLEMEN—WHO HAD HIRED SOME OF THESE VAUDEVILLE PERFORMERS FOR A PRIVATE



## SOMETHING ABOUT SKATES AND SKATING.



FOUR CHAMPIONS AT FULL SPEED.

THERE is destined to be noted, later on in the history of winter's sports and pastimes, a most healthful revival of skating. In large measure this revival will have been shown to be due to the advent of the artificial-ice skating-rink.

In many instances the roller skating-rink has been transformed by the simple process of laying the floor with some ten to twenty miles of gas pipe, and placing in proper connection, an ice-making machine. In others, large sums of money have been instrumental in rearing brand-new ice-palaces, such for instance as the St. Nicholas Skating Club of New York City, which not only boasts a skating surface of over ten thousand square feet, but well-appointed private club rooms, public ladies'

reception parlors, buffet appointments, and other conveniences galore.

Until two years ago, at which time these inclosed icesurfaces began to attract attention, it really looked as though skating as a winter's sport was destined to be almost entirely ignored, owing to the ever increasing fickleness of the weather, combined with the inconveniences of having to take a whole day off in order to reach and return from a skating pond.

The future of the sport is, however, now quite assured, and with the increase yearly of ice skating-rinks, skating will undoubtedly take precedence as the popular winter's amusement.

In the above picture four well-known professional skaters are

shown as they skirt along in pursuit of preliminary practice for "the championships." The only striking feature to be observed at first glance is the length of the skates used.

These skates are purely for racing, and one out for fun alone would not find much pleasure in their use, from the fact that straight-away skating is about all that can be accomplished with them. To get the greatest fun out of the sport, however, it is desirable that a generous mixture of fancy skating enter into the exercise. But in order to execute a series of curves, a far different skate must be used.

The differences to be noted in the racing-skate and that ordinarily used are many and sharply defined. The former with its long blade offers at all times something like seventeen inches of cold steel to the ice surface; and the latter, while the blade is only eleven inches long, has of it only two inches on the ice at any one time, from the fact that the blade on its bottom is rocker or bow shaped.

Another difference, too, to be observed is the width of the blades—the racing blade averaging but a sixteenth of an inch across, as against a quarter inch in the ordinary. In the one case width is sacrificed while friction is reduced to a minimum and the greatest possible purchasing power secured; in the other, width is retained as essential to greater steadiness and facility in cavorting about.

Few skaters are able to become expert in the various and intricate curves of figure skating, while any skater of athletic pretensions can learn to cover the ice surface at a stunning gait.

The one aim of the speed skater is to attain a long, twenty-eight to thirty-foot stroke, then get his "nether limbs" to execute that stroke in as rapid succession as possible.

The ordinary skater in the pursuit of pleasure would take, probably, a stroke on the average of some six feet. To do this is child's play, but to become a master of the "grape-vine," the various styles of "figure eights," and the beautiful curves going to make the skater's name, why natural ability must combine strongly with tireless practice; strong legs and ankles, with a knack of balance, and an inborn grace of body, trunk and arms.

W. T. BULL.

## THE TALE OF THE HAT.



THE evolution of the silk hat is also the story of religion, manners, and morals. As the emblem of our Western civilization, the French, who have borne so conspicuous a part in its story, consider it worthy a centennial anniversary. But its introduction in 1797, the date finally decided upon, is after all only a mile-stone in its progress.

Its origin lies in the roots of things. The relation of the hat to affairs—civil, military, and religious—is accounted for by the relation of the head to the rest of the body. Keeping on the hat as an assumption of superiority springs, as the metaphysicians would say, from our innate ideas, since it is practiced by all peoples.

The Christian takes off his hat in homage. A Roman slave received a cap when set free. On Roman coins Liberty holds a cap in her hand. After Nero's death the people wore caps as the emblem of their emancipation. Gessler's cap gave freedom to Switzerland.

"Where all heads are unbonneted,  
De Courcy walks with hat and plume."

This was the distinction granted to the earls of Kinsale, for some feat of prowess, by King John. At the convocation of the king, nobles, and commoners, during the reign of Louis XVI., the nobles were permitted to remain covered, whereupon the third estate took off its hat. Seeing this the king took off his hat, that the commoners should not have the air of equality with the nobles. When William Penn wished to conclude his treaty with the Indians he put on his broad-brimmed hat, and the simple natives hesitated no longer, but with awe inscribed their marks.

The beginnings of hats are in the mists of ages. The first mention in literature is in Daniel III., wherein is related how young Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego wore their hats into the fiery furnace. According to *bass-reliefs*, antedating the Scripture narrative, the first form of the hat was a skull hat without a brim. As some one says: "When Paris ogled the goddesses on Mount Ida, who would believe that he wore a night-cap?"



FLEMISH (MIDDLE AGES).

The shape seems to have been suggested by the thatch that nature impartially bestows. All the evidence goes to show that it was for protection from the heat, rather than from the cold, that the hat was first worn. For the hat, as we conceive it, we must look to the Southrons. The Jewish hat, the tall cylindrical hat, which is the direct progenitor of the silk hat, was built with that intent. The Parthians, the Scythians, the Armenians, wore similar hats of varnished cloth that threw off the sun's rays. For the same reason Mahomet wore a tall, white hat. The Parsees and the Buddhists wore hats of like construction.

"When will come some William Tell to defy the silk hat and free us from its martyrdom?" exclaims a writer in *Chambers's*

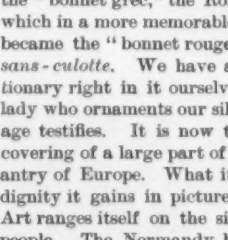


ELIZABETHAN.

Journal. In one of his latest discourses Charles Blanc said: "Our tubular hats on which our artists cast their withering scorn, those hats without front, without back, and whose cylindrical shape is altogether at variance with the spherical form of the head, are assuredly the last relic of barbarism; and yet we must not be astonished if their use spreads over the whole world, for nothing has more chance of lasting success than ugliness and absurdity." The last sentence is significant. The Japanese have almost formally adopted the chimney-pot. Under the sweltering sun of India that compound of shellac, linen, and silk has found a home. Missionaries report that a tall hat first satisfies the mind of the heathen awakening to the propriety of being clothed. The merchant service testifies that in the remotest isles of the South Seas it penetrates with the ease of whisky and tobacco; and no one who has journeyed over our Western plains fails to observe that the stove-pipe is now the pipe of peace that the friendly and aspiring Indian carries to the station when the train rolls by.

Those ethical qualities that Carlyle discovered in clothes are found in the materials of hats. Felt and beaver, or its latest substitutes, are identified with the two ranks into which the human family falls when once entered into a certain state of civilization—ranks always in opposition, but occasionally changing places—ruler and ruled. Felt stands for democracy, silk for aristocracy.

The first hat was of felt, its form a skull-cap, conical, with the apex falling over. This was the shape of the Phrygian cap, the "bonnet grec," the Roman cap, which in a more memorable manner became the "bonnet rouge" of the *sans-culotte*. We have a revolutionary right in it ourselves, as the lady who ornaments our silver coinage testifies. It is now the head-covering of a large part of the peasantry of Europe. What it loses in dignity it gains in picturesqueness. Art ranges itself on the side of the people. The Normandy bonnet is probably painted several thousands of times a year. An artist would



ENGLISH BEAVER (RESTORATION).

laugh to be asked to paint a silk hat.

The latest active form that the antagonism between hats and caps has assumed was in the recent Bulgarian and Armenian difficulty: kalpek versus fez. The kalpek is the modification of the ugly Russian hat, and was roused to self-assertion by the fondness for the natty, becoming fez. The continued antagonism between Russia and Turkey has been described as the persistent contest between the fez of felt and the Russian chimney-pot.



WILLIAM II.

The devotion of the English to beaver was early and has been constant. The English soldiers used to wear their beaver hats lined with iron into battle. In Shakespeare's "King Henry IV." does not *Sir Richard Vernon* exclaim, "I saw young Harry, with his beaver on"? Henry VIII. had a famous hat of scarlet beaver which it is painful to think upon when worn with his sandy hair and complexion.

The advent of Vandyke to the court of Charles I. introduced the low-brimmed hat of the low countries. The Vandyke hat



VANDYKE.

is, in fact, the Spanish hat of Charles VII. and Philip II. It is more remotely the hat of the Spanish priest, which, according to Berthelmer, "leaves the ears of the priest free that he may hear everything, but which throws his face into the shadow that he may appear not to see. The Spanish hat did indeed have a flap that could be lowered to serve as a mask. No more graceful head-covering was ever evolved than that which prevailed during the reign of the two Charleses. Aside from its first duty as a head-covering, and in addition to its picturesqueness, it acted as a frame for the face, setting forth the living, speaking image. The art of the day perpetuates its graceful manifestations. The portrait of Rubens by himself gives its perfect form. The men were so pleased with their hats that they wore them in the house. Pepys writes: "Got a severe cold because I took off my hat at dinner."

Louis XIV. changed the shape by putting feathers around the brim. To feathers succeeded lace. But a new era was dawning. The flowing and gracious character of the dress of the Stuarts was changing to something more convenient, lighter, and more compact. The military spirit was abroad. That campaign in Flanders marked an epoch. The fierce little hat of Marlborough set the fashion on the field of Ramillies. The "Ramillies cock" became as famous as the Bernhardt glove and the Langtry bustle. Young bucks vied with one another in giving original cocks to their hats. Cocked hats were the sign of gentility. They were the occasion of the liveliest extravagance. The jewels that buttoned up the side cost thousands of pounds. The cocked hat touched its most hideous and illogical period during the reign of the Georges, when the flaps were so turned that they made water-spouts, of which one poured directly down the back. On the other hand, the "chapeau à trois cornes" of the French was a model of lightness and elegance.

But its place was soon to be taken by the most famous hat the world has ever known—the cocked hat of Napoleon I.—the "chapeau bras," which in art and history shares the trials and triumphs of the great captain, and was borne on his coffin to his tomb. The French Revolution, however, finally disposed of the cocked hats of all periods. They are no longer worn except by foreign footmen. The "chapeau rond" was the successor of the cocked hat. From that it is as clearly distin-



SPANISH CURÉ.





FRANCIS I.

the American hat—that is to say, the hat of the people. It is not received into good society elsewhere, although, in the form of the luxurious sombrero, as worn by the Wild West Show, it is petted and tolerated as other of the spoiled children of the plains.

But the "chapeau rond" did not provide sufficient distinction for the dandies of the Revolution. The tall, cylindrical hat became the badge of the Incroyable. Since that time, whether as the broad, flat hat of coaching days, or the bell-crowned hat of later times, it is the hat of the man who thinks well of himself and who wishes others to think well of him. Formerly it was worn on the back of the head, as it is still said to be by geniuses.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.



FRENCH INCROYABLE.

### An American "Bal Champêtre."

"WHERE can we go now?" asked Don Diego, my Cuban friend, as we left the opera house and found ourselves amid the din of carriage "barkers," and the clanging gongs of cable-cars.

"Come to my club and I will make you a Welsh rarebit that will make you forget Cuba and your wrongs for to-night," said I; but he declined with a deprecating little bow.

"Ah, why is it you have no night-life here," he complained, "as in Paris, or even in Havana, but nozing but clubs so solemn as ze church?"

"All our clubs are not so quiet," I protested, "and if you will only come with me to Gramercy Park or to—"

"Forgive me for speaking critical, but zis is my last night, for ze expedition sails at four of ze clock zis Sunday morning; zo I wish to kick up my heels, as you say, only zis once more."

"You must not expect too much of us," I remarked, apologetically, "but if you really long for Paris in New York, I can take you to an American imitation of a French *bal champêtre* on a roof-garden."

"Ah! *bal champêtre*; it sounds good. Is it like L'Enclos des Lilas or Bullier's in Paris?"

"More like the old Jardin Mabille," I suggested, "if you can remember that, but some people call it the American Moulin Rouge."

"I will go to your Moulin Rouge on ze roof till comes ze time to dress and go on ship to fight for Cuba."

"Well, come along," I said, "but don't expect too much, for after all New York is New York, and a *bal champêtre* on Broadway is apt to be a sham ba!"

As we walked up Broadway, carried along by the crowds issuing from the closing play-houses, I could not but wonder how little the entertainment might come up to my friend's expectations, for I had not been there since the night of the great annual foot-ball game, when the boisterous students and make-believe collegians furnished the real entertainment.

When we emerged from the crowded elevator-car that bore us aloft, sixteen professional quadrille dancers, in regulation evening dress—the women revealing an excess of *lingerie*, while the men wore rusty high hats and ill-fitting white gloves—were ushering in the day of rest by resting on the floor in the acrobatic attitude known in gymnastic parlance as the "splits." Around them, following the oval of the floor, sat and stood a black ring of smoking men.

"Zey do not clap zeyr hands, nor say bravo," exclaimed Don Diego, as we made our way into the outer ring of spectators. "The dance, vaz it not good, or is it because it is Sunday?"

"You know we Americans are none too demonstrative," I explained.

"Vere it not for ze ladies," remarked Don Diego, glancing around, "zis would be like ze parties you call 'armory stags,' would it not?" But before I could acknowledge the aptness of this comparison, one of the guards, decked out in the cocked hat, epaulets, and sword of an imaginary French gendarme, pushed the crowd back to make way for the dancing of the "populace," and we turned and retreated to the outer circle, where we were confronted with a huge placard bearing the inscription:

"In The  
Public Dances  
Everybody  
Invited To Participate."

Above this sign some ostentatiously dressed men and women were drinking champagne with their backs to the crowd. Similar signs dangled from all the balcony pillars, while the band, as a further encouragement to spontaneity, played Weber's "Invitation to the Dance."

"Now vill ve zee some dancing," remarked my friend, letting his dark eyes roam over the women in the boxes, but as no one entered the ring, he turned to me plaintively and said:

"All are invited, but nobody vill dance; is it not strange?"

Soon, however, a solitary couple in street dress entered the ring and waltzed slowly around, but when my friend perceived that they were obviously hired for the purpose he turned disconsolately to one of the little tables, standing near some shrubbery.

As we sat down we were hailed by one of the managers of the enterprise, with whom we happened to be acquainted.

"It's a good show, now, isn't it?" he said; and we had to assent that if he found it good after so many nights it must

indeed be so. "You don't want to compare this to the Moulin Rouge," said the manager, as another French quadrille broke into the tedium of waiting for dancers who would not dance, with a business-like exhibition of the *can-can*—"for this is strictly respectable, and none but nice people are admitted. We want folks to bring their wives and fiancées up here when they feel like having a little dance that they couldn't have at home. I am sorry my wife is not here to-night so that I might introduce you—"

"Don't bother me now, Nellie!" he exclaimed, impatiently, as a flower-girl in a gaudy, low-necked dress bent over to whisper to him, and Don Diego slyly glanced at me.

"No, we don't let anybody get gay here," continued the manager, with a gesture of dismissal to the retreating Nellie. "When fellows get too lively our ushers collar them and hustle them into the elevator, where they are dealt with"—a mysterious phrase, suggesting almost any fate.

Don Diego here drew his attention to a red-gowned woman in a box opposite us, who was plainly beckoning to him. With a hasty "so long" the manager crossed over, leaving us to the contemplation of a "Spanish dance," in which an agile creature with casanets distorted her lithe body to the tune of the "Streets of Cairo," to be followed by a game of bicycle polo, in which the contestants, when they were not wheeling into each other, sent the ball spinning hither and thither by a quick side-wise turn of the front wheel.

It was a good game while it lasted, but once more the floor was cleared for public dancing. The band played the first bars of one of Sousa's entrancing *deux temps*, but again there was no popular response.

"Wake up!" cried a passing flower-girl, and following her glance we saw the form of a little captive monkey huddled up on a dead branch of a tree rising out of a heap of pasteboard rocks behind us. The poor little beast slept soundly amid all the blare of brass and drums, and the girl threw a bunch of faded violets at him, but he only blinked sleepily.

"Wake up!" shouted Don Diego, and, catching the girl about the waist, he swung her out on the empty floor, where they whirled madly.

Every head craned forward, and the box-parties turned their attention from wine and chatter to what was going on below. One of the pompous guards made a few irresolute steps toward the dancing couple, but his sword embarrassed him and he stopped to disentangle himself. At this there was a roar of laughter, and in those few seconds the spectators' mood turned from disapproval to emulation, for in a trice a score of couples were whirling about, followed by more, until all the available women had been snatched up, and men took to dancing with men. Even the stiff guards were seized by the infection of the moment, and, with their cocked hats awry, joined in the revel.

While the enthusiasm was at its height, and the musicians were playing their best, Don Diego suddenly abandoned his partner and, coming up to me, announced:

"I will go now."

"Are you afraid the filibusters will sail without you?" I asked.

"They go at high tide," he answered, lightly; "and so do I."

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

### John Wanamaker Tried by Fire.

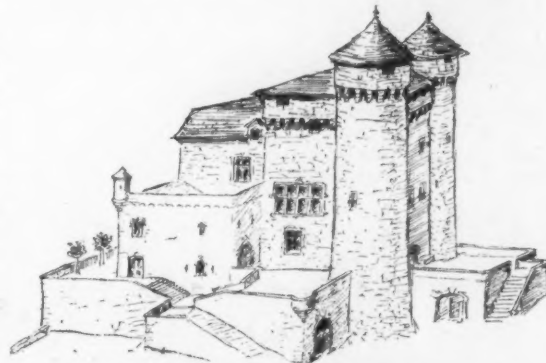
MR. JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia's esteemed citizen and greatest storekeeper, is known to his fellow-countrymen generally as a man of many parts. As Postmaster-General in President Harrison's Cabinet he acquired a national reputation as a man of letters. Previous to that appointment he had won the light-weight championship of the United States as Sunday-school superintendent, and we believe he still holds the belt. His life-work, however, has centered in his original big store, covering an entire Philadelphia block, where anything under the sun, from a poker-chip to a bridal trousseau, can be purchased at a bargain.

It was at the old stand in Philadelphia, last week, that Mr. Wanamaker appeared, for one performance only, in his thrilling volunteer-fireman act. On January 20th a conflagration, whose fierce-rolling flames might fitly be compared to those that await sinners in the blissful hereafter, started in Market Street, and could not be subdued until it had obliterated an entire block, bounded by Market, Filbert, Thirteenth, and Juniper streets, in the very heart of the commercial centre of Philadelphia, involving a loss of perhaps three million dollars. This did not include the Wanamaker establishment, which, however, fronts upon Market Street at the place where the fire broke out. One of the watch-towers caught from the flying sparks, and Philadelphia's great shop was menaced.

It was an awful moment. But John Wanamaker's nerve did not fail him. Piping all hands on deck, he announced to his faithful army of employes that he meant to give them half a day off, at the expense of the firm. Each man was provided with asbestos suspenders, and a rubber coat warranted waterproof and not to rip, and then the floodgates were opened. The brave workers were stimulated from time to time with scrapple-sandwiches and copious draughts of tea, sarsaparilla, soda, and mineral waters. In fact, soft though hot drinks flowed like champagne. By almost superhuman exertion the spark in the watch-tower was extinguished, and Mr. Wanamaker was out only the price of his refreshments and a trifle of one hundred thousand dollars—through damage done by the water.

### Emma Calvé, Chatelaine.

THE idol of the operatic stage is a meridional by birth, and temperament counts for a great deal in her favorite rôles— *Carmen*, *Santuzza*, *La Navarraise*, *Mireille*, *l'Arlésienne*, all of whom are passionate children of the South. But this is only one side of Emma Calvé's nature; the other side is in complete contrast. The most dramatic of singers before the public is the most home-loving of women in private life. She is warm-hearted,



THE CHÂTEAU OF CABIÈRES—FAC-SIMILE SKETCH BY EMMA CALVÉ.

impulsive, and generous, with a strain of religious mysticism that is her Mediaeval birthright, in the ancestral line. The true expression of her individuality is in her life as chatelaine of Cabrières, in Provençal Aveyron, in the South of France. Cabrières is one of those legend-haunted feudal estates that we read about in Froissart. The castle was a ruin and its domain a desert when Mademoiselle Calvé acquired the property. She has devoted time and money to its restoration, so that to-day it is an ideal place of residence, combining hôtel, villa, and farm.

Cabrières, under Calvé's régime, is not only the home of hos-



THE DOMAIN OF CABIÈRES, EMMA CALVÉ'S HOME IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

pitality, but the seat of real and far-reaching charity. In the summer season she entertains there the fellow-artists of her predilection, and provides a haven of rest for others whom ill-health and misfortune have placed in the need, but deprived of the means, of a vacation. She also maintains a kind of "fresh-air fund," and brings down poor children from the Paris slums for a country outing.

### A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free, to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.



Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



## MRS. HETTY GREEN—A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS.



"O I look like that?" asked Mrs. Hetty Green, in a tone "more of sorrow than of anger," as she sat at a desk in one of the directors' rooms at the Chemical Bank, with a number of newspaper clippings and alleged portraits before her. "The papers are generally kind to me, and on my side. I suppose they do the best they can. Anyway, a woman at my time of life ought to be more concerned with graveyards than with photograph-galleries."

In simple justice to the lady, it must be said that she does not look "like that," nor like any even of the best-intentioned pictures of her that have been published, heretofore. The artistic

deficiency of feminine taste. Her ordinary street attire of rich but plain black, with a violet-trimmed bonnet, has nothing *outré* about it. Her manner, in talking about her battles with courts and financiers, is full of aggressive animation, and gives the impression that fighting suits her temperament. A peculiar picturesqueness is imparted to her speech by the traces of New England Quakerism that cling to it. In moments of self-forgetfulness she says "yaas" almost as broadly as the characters in a Yankee dialect story.

Mrs. Hetty Robinson Green is undoubtedly the wealthiest woman in America, her railroad possessions having been variously appraised, in the aggregate, all the way from twenty-five million dollars to seventy-five million dollars. Her father was Edward Mott Robinson, a wealthy New England ship-owner,

Green is the star, and Mr. Choate plays the opposite leading rôle. At first the lady evinced a disposition to monopolize the speeches, to the great discomfiture of her adversaries. The plaintiff's counsel then tried the tactics of making her talk too much for her own good, but found her too wary. They forgot the precept of Mr. Choate's distinguished uncle, never to cross-examine a woman. Mrs. Green has not ceased to "get back" at the lawyer, but latterly she has made her comments out of court, through newspaper interviews. Her legal counselors have been numerous, it being her policy, apparently, to change them often and keep the other side guessing.

Mrs. Green says she is fighting this battle mainly in the interest of her daughter Sylvia, who does not inherit the mother's robust temperament. Her son, E. H. R. Green, who personally looks after her railroad interests in the South, is under thirty years old, and has given evidence of possessing the business talent which might be expected to run in the family. He is president of the Texas Midland Railroad, and, if his mother's and his own projects be realized, will shortly take rank among the great railway magnates of the Southwest. It is understood that Mrs. Green is now engaged in arranging the "deal" which will augment her son's power. The Midland road, of which Mr. Green is president, runs from Ennis to Paris, and if the plans which Mrs. Green has under way succeed, a consolidation of interests will be effected by which a new trunk line between St. Louis and Galveston will be formed that will be seventy-five miles shorter than the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé route.

The somewhat nomadic existence led by Mrs. Green and her daughter, who flit about among several places of residence in New York and Brooklyn, but seldom or never live in their New England home, is supposed to be due to the annoyances from "cranks," which no conspicuously wealthy person can hope entirely to escape.

"I don't mind cranks and anarchists so much," remarks Mrs. Green, "but I can't stand reformers."

Doubtless she had a special rather than a general meaning, in saying this; but she has proved beyond question that she is not a woman to be personally terrorized. Last summer, it may be remembered, President George H. Wyckoff, of the New Amsterdam Bank, was shot and killed by a young man named Semple, who had approached him with a demand for money. This Semple, it appears, was married to a granddaughter of Henry A. Barling, executor of the estate inherited by Hetty Green. One day last spring, only a few weeks before the attack upon Wyckoff, Semple followed Mrs. Green from New York to her hotel in Brooklyn. There he confronted her with desperate threats, saying that unless she would "help him out" personally, and promise to drop the Barling lawsuit, he would kill her and her daughter.

"I just turned around," she says, "and gave that young man such a talking to as he never had in his life before, and he went away cowed and ashamed."

The opinions of Mrs. Green on the subject of getting rich are naturally in demand. The truth is that her undoubted abilities have been exercised mainly in *keeping* rich after being placed in that enviable condition by adventitious circumstances. Nevertheless, her ideas have a broad application and sound practical value. She can talk columns on the subject with all the plausibility of a lecturer before the Young Men's Christian Association.

"All the capital a young man wants to start successfully in business," declares Mrs. Hetty Green, "is industry, determination, principle. He must be willing to get up early and have a good excuse for going to bed late. He must not waste time in thinking how much work he is doing, but must keep his mind fixed on the end he has in view. I should not advise him to lie awake nights thinking how he may shirk or how he may cheat somebody. He cannot get along without honesty. He should keep his strength by sleeping well and eating regularly, and at the same time a little social recreation will not unfit him for his work. Society and business do not necessarily clash. A man may be all the better member of society for his business training, and *vice versa*."

"There are two kinds of young men. One intends to take care of his money, the other intends to let his money take care of him. It isn't worth while to give any advice to the second, but to the other, who is a young man of sense and perseverance, I should say, keep out of Wall Street. Indeed, it is rash to go in for speculation in any form. If a young man has any money to start with, let him invest it safely, and then go to work and make some more. There are plenty of ways in which he can do it. If he wants large returns with little outlay, by all means let him try match-making. I don't mean a matrimonial agency, nor a newspaper publishing 'Personal' advertisements, but simply the match business. Everybody doesn't know this, but it is true. Of two ventures—a good-working gold-mine and a flourishing match business—the match business will yield the larger and surer profit."

"About the stock-broker's business there are a good many mistaken ideas. If a young man has any money the business is dangerous, for those already in it will get it all away from him. If he is without capital, I suppose he stands as good a chance as any one else."

"A college education is useless for a young man who is going directly into business. If he thinks of making money by being a doctor or lawyer, college will do very well, but outside of the professions a boy ought to begin work as early in life as possible."

Business, lawsuits, and Mr. Choate do not by any means constitute all of Hetty Green's conversational repertory. Her talk about things in general is full of quaintly original sayings, New England shrewdness and "gumption." She is "down upon" trusts, lawyers, professional reformers, and "new-woman" fads. She believes in the bicycle, but draws the line at bloomers. Her political leanings are Democratic, but she wouldn't vote if she could. Good food, she declares, is the basis of good conduct, and, consequently, of happiness; more divorces are caused by hash than by infidelity. Finally, she says:

"The real new woman, nowadays, is the one who stays at home and makes home happy."

H. T.



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. HETTY GREEN.—COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY HOLLINGER & ROCKEY.

photograph-study presented herewith has been made expressly for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and, we are confident, will justify what is said complimentary to Mrs. Green's personal appearance. A woman past fifty, who has had her full share of youthful good looks, may, if she keeps her health, retain that essential part of her attractiveness which consists in character and expression. Such is the case with Hetty Green. Time has touched her gently, withal. Her hair is not yet quite gray, nor her face wrinkled. She has keen blue-gray eyes, a clear complexion, and strongly marked features that indicate truly the force and determination behind them. In repose, her expression becomes more softened, and she looks like the home-loving and domestic woman that she is at heart. Mrs. Green has the reputation, not altogether undeserved, of being a bad dresser. This appears to be rather an affectation, perhaps with a purpose, on her part, rather than

who gradually enlarged his operations until he became a multi-millionaire. When he died, more than thirty years ago, two of his chief clerks were appointed executors and trustees of the estate. One of these executors died; the other is the Henry A. Barling, of the now famous litigation. Mrs. Green refused to accept his accounting for her father's estate, charging him with wastefulness and irregularity; whereupon, Mr. Barling, who is now an old man, brought suit in the Supreme Court for vindication of his executorship and discharge from its duties. He retained Joseph H. Choate as his counsel, and Henry A. Anderson was appointed referee to take testimony upon the issue, which involved a detailed examination into the accounts extending over a whole generation. The legal contest ensuing has furnished the public with a kind of continuous-performance of farcical comedy, the end of which is not yet in sight. Mrs.





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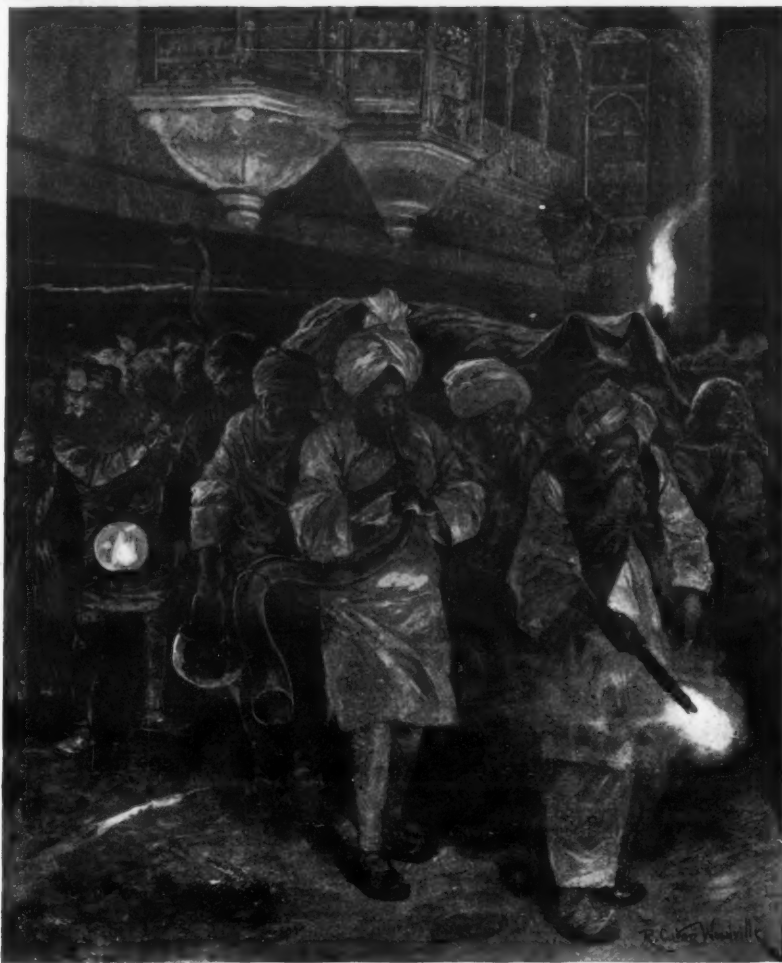




A HERD OF SACRED CATTLE, FOR THE NOURISHMENT OF REFUGEES.—Black and White.



A PART OF THE STEICKEN CITY, BOMBAY.—Illustrated London News.  
The outbreak of the Asiatic plague in the native quarter of the city of Bombay, India, has excited general alarm, and one hundred and fifty thousand of the population have fled to the hills. Two thousand deaths were reported in the month of December.



A FUNERAL AT NIGHT, IN BOMBAY.—Illustrated London News.  
The outbreak of the Asiatic plague in the native quarter of the city of Bombay, India, has excited general alarm, and one hundred and fifty thousand of the population have fled to the hills. Two thousand deaths were reported in the month of December.

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I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 529 Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

#### LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 12th day of January, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and entry in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named streets in the respective Wards herein designated:

TWENTY-THIRD WARD—BARRY STREET, between Longwood and Lafayette avenues; EAST 165TH STREET, between Webster and Third avenues; EDGEWATER ROAD, from Westchester Avenue to West Farms Road.

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD—LORING PLACE, from University Avenue to Homestead Street.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller, City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, January 13th, 1897.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 19th day of January, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and entry in the Bureau of Assessors, of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named streets in the respective Wards herein designated:

NINETEENTH WARD—83D STREET, between East End Avenue (Avenue B) and the East River; 84TH STREET, between East End Avenue (Avenue B) and the East River.

TWENTY-THIRD WARD—BARRETTO STREET, from Westchester Avenue to Intervale Avenue.

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD—TRAVERS STREET, from Webster Avenue to Jerome Avenue.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller, City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, January 19th, 1897.

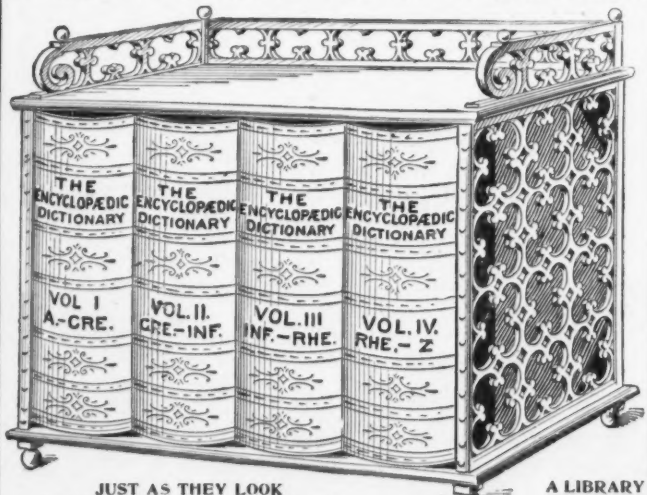
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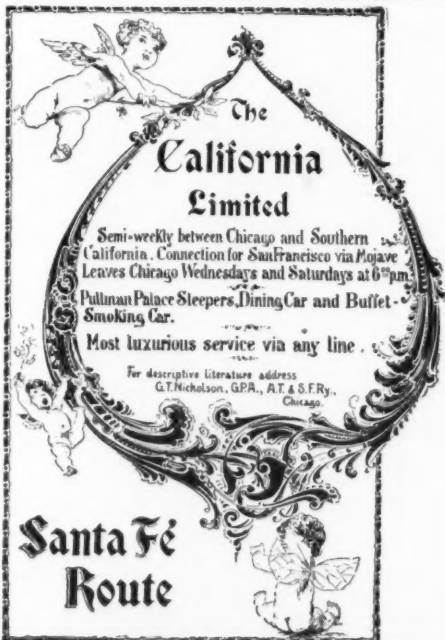
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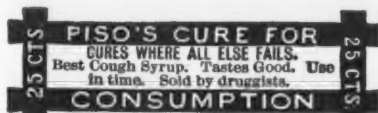
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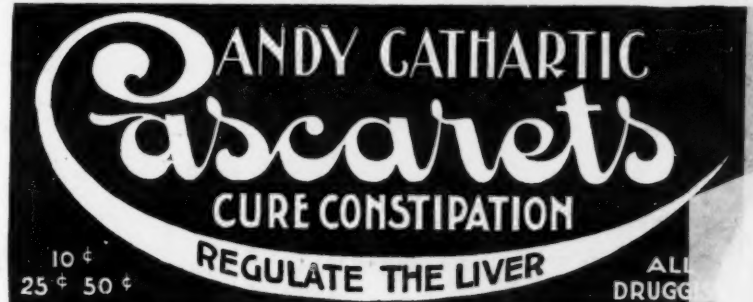
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TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and Y.O.R.

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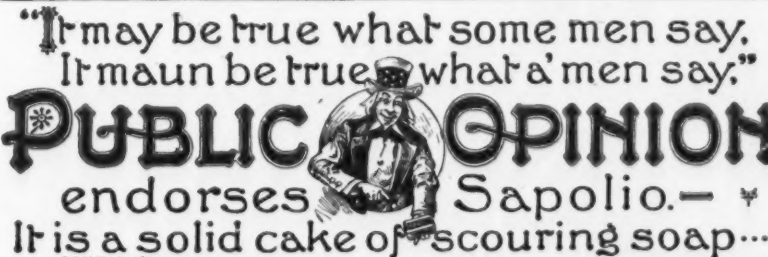
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FATHER—"Don't give it up, Thomas. Remember that General Grant's great successes were largely due to the fact that he never knew when he was licked."  
SON—"Then he must have worn a board in the seat of his trousers, same as Billy Brown does."

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washed down with

### Evans Ale

make everything

just right  
for a bite

Try it

when you want to coax yourself  
into good humor and contentment.



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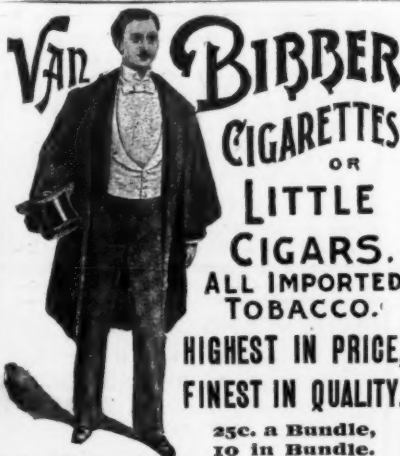
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Incorporated 1851.

JOHN A. HALL,  
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Secretary.

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Disbursements in 1896:

Payments to Policy-holders, 1,964,431.10

Other Disbursements, . . . 893,513.39

Total Disbursements, . . . \$2,857,944.49

Assets, December 31, 1896, . . . \$18,546,959.96

Liabilities, . . . 17,205,296.32

Surplus (Massachusetts Standard), \$1,341,663.64

Number of Policies issued in 1896, 8,749, in-  
suring \$20,156,550.00.

Number of Policies in force December 31, 1896,  
40,926, insuring (including reversionary ad-  
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